THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &c.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1861.

{ ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 3075. }

CASTLES.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

Time, that blunts the edge of things,
Dries our tears and spoils our bliss;
Time has brought such balm to me,
I can bear to speak of this.

She was seven and I was nine—
Pretty people we to plan
Life, and lay it grandly out—
She the woman, I the man!

Sang the river on the shoals,
Sang the robin on the tree:
Earth was newly made for us—
Later Eve and Adam we.

Lightly fell the apple-blooms,
Paved the road with red and white;
Sunshine floated through the day,
Silvery storms through the night.

Many years have come and gone;
Drop the curtain, change the scene!
Life, when one is nine years old,
Does not say the thing it means.

Other arms have clasped my Eve,
Other lips have called her fair—
Ah! but little wind blows down
Spring-time castles in the air!

From this window I can see
Up the road to Meadow Farm;
That is she upon the porch
With the baby on her arm.

ERLE AT THE HUNTING LODGE.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LVII.

It would be idle to deny that Erle was affected by superstitious imaginings. It is true that he had no positive belief in what is termed the supernatural. His education, which comprehended a very fair knowledge of science and art, made him something of a philosopher—at least, it taught him to prefer fact to theory, and created a tendency in his mind to trace effects back to causes. Still, his separation from parents and home had communicated to him a painful sense of isolation; even in his childhood, and from the earliest exercise of his powers of thought, he had held strange communings with himself, which could scarcely be reconciled with the teachings of philosophy, or would submit to the control of plain, logical reasoning.

He had, while at Avening, his day-dreams and his night-visions, which were peopled with creations living in the past and to be encountered in the future. An active and a fertile imagination conjured up aspirations which were intensified by his sense of isolation from all on earth who should be to him the nearest in blood and the dearest in sentiment; and if he had no actual belief it spiritual visitations, his active imagination working on a brain and spirit impregnated with a proud and morbid reserve—the result of his incertitude respecting his origin—gave to his mind an exaggerated tone, and rendered him susceptible to an impression that there was indeed more in heaven and on earth than was dreamt of in human philosophy.

As he stood before the portrait of the bad Baron of Kingswood in the old hunting-lodge, its sudden gliding from its position affected him with awe, not from the fact of its falling from the place where it had for so many years hung immovable, but from the coincidence. He at once described the accident to a sudden rush of wind, which agitated the picture, and by its abrupt motion caused the rotten supports to give way and the picture to descend to the ground. The effect was a natural consequence of the cause, and the event ought not to have surprised him; under ordinary circumstances it would not, but he had not forgotten the wonders of the previous night, and the recollection that the portrait in the picture-gallery of this same remarkable ancestor of the Kingswood race had fallen with a tremendous crash, made him view the similar occurrence in the hunting-lodge as a concurrence sufficiently startling to thrill every nerve in his frame.

There was a remarkable identity between the two pictures; they were apparently painted by the same hand; the costume was the same in both; and though one might have been a copy of the other, there was a degree of exactness between them which Erle could not avoid noticing. Here, however, he had a better opportunity of examining this singular portrait, for the light which fell upon it was bright and almost dazzling, presenting indeed a remarkable contrast to that semi-obscurity in which he had contemplated the counterpart in the gallery at Kingswood Hall.

The form was that of one young and vigorous, of an age but little exceeding his own. The features, like those of the portrait in the picture-gallery, were regular and strikingly handsome; the eyes were large and brilliant, but, unlike those of the first portrait he had seen, seemed to gaze upon him with a soft, melancholy expression. In all else the two portraits were identical; the same boldness and haughtiness of mien were depicted; the most trifling object which he could remember had been represented in one was reproduced in the other, save in one particular.

The figure was attired in a hunting-shirt, fastened about the waist with a richly-ornamented baldrick. Immediately behind it was painted a complete suit of armor, to show that the Baron was a warrior as well as hunter. In his right hand, half raised, he bore a spear, while his left hand in the picture in the gallery hung down by his side in repose. Its position was the same in the portrait upon which Erle now gazed, save that it partly rested upon a small ebony box now scarcely decipherable.

Faint as it was, however, it caught Erle's eye, and he recognized it. He withdrew from beneath his cloak the one he had brought with him from the old library, and compared it with the one in the picture. They exactly resembled each other. Upon both appeared the date 1555, and a throng of strange thoughts were called up into his half-bewildered brain by this discovery.

Nor was this all: he was singularly and painfully moved as he contemplated his vivid resemblance to the evil spirit of the race whose doom he felt that he was to share—or to end, perhaps, by his own violent death.

Seldom, perhaps, did the most wayward and reckless descendant of a long line of ancestry stand before the quaint and elaborate representations of his forefathers and gaze upon them without a strange feeling of solemn reverence stealing over him. Some disinterested spectators may, perhaps, as they passed down a gallery of portraits of the successive members of one family, have smiled or gibed at the stark and rigid costumes, or the grim, martial array of the ancient progenitors; but the scion of the stock rarely, if ever, contemplates at any time or under any circumstances the effigies of those who have contributed to the dignity of the name and the honor of the race unmoved.

Those who have the power of placing themselves mentally in Erle's condition can comprehend why his breast swelled, his heart leaped and throbbed, and why hot, blinding tears rushed up into his eyes. Those who cannot do this would only find the description tedious.

How long he looked upon the picture, and how far his thoughts ran wild with him, he seemed not to consider; but he was aroused from a reverie—the deeper into which he sank the paler became his face—by the slow rising up of a figure by his side.

He started and turned half round to behold the aged woman who had accompanied him into this chamber, staggering, tottering back, with her white wrinkled face towards him—her eyes, expressing indescribable terror, bent upon him.

He moved towards her with a view of supporting her enfeebled frame, but she waved him off.

"Back—back!" she cried, wildly. "You have no power over me now, that I know. Your accursed influence fell like a withering blight upon me in the brightest hour of my youth—as it did upon *her*, thou accursed! I sinned—I fell. I have borne my cross, and I am passing on to my eternal rest with the memory of the past clinging to me and inflicting upon me earthly pain, which no unearthly torments can surpass. The destiny your crimes have originated has fallen upon me as upon others; it has implanted its most deadly blow; it is not in human nature to endure greater suffering than I have borne; and it is not in your power, wandering, restless, accursed, and evil spirit, to wreak upon me one grief, one throb of passionate agony to surpass it. That I know. Therefore, I defy you. What do you here? Avaunt! Even though this may be my last hour, I acknowledge not thy summons. I have cried in my anguish to Him whose power alone is infinite. When the last flutter of life trembles on my lip it is He who will summon me hither, not thou! That I feel! Away! you have blasted my life. Why now attempt uselessly to further embitter the short remnant of my torturing captivity on earth?"

The old woman tottered to the wall as she spoke, and covered her eyes with her trembling hands.

Erle at first thought she recovered from the swoon only to fall into a state of delirium; but as soon as he caught the tenor of her expressions he gathered that she was laboring under the same delusion respecting him as Tubal Kish had hitherto done, and modulating his voice to a gentle tone, he said—

"Fear not, dame, quiet your agitation. Look up, I am no spirit, but one come hither only for a simple purpose, which has been fulfilled."

At the sound of his voice she quickly withdrew her hands from before her eyes and gazed upon him with a sharp and eager scrutiny.

"I remember now," she said, passing her fingers across her forehead. "I remember you said you were not Cyril Kingswood—but yet—"

"I am not he," interposed Erle, in the same quiet tone; "and if you will conduct me to another apartment I will explain to you, as far as I am able, what I am and why I am here. It may, perhaps, lead to the discovery I so wish to make."

"What is that?" asked the old woman, in a somewhat faint voice.

"Who I am?" he exclaimed, with a strong emphasis upon the pronoun.

"It is strange," she muttered, as her singularly bright eyes ran over his lineaments, "very strange that you should profess ignorance upon that point. You are a Kingswood—that I see."

"So have I heard that I am, dame," he answered. Then a scarlet flush mounted to his cheek, as he added—"But under what circumstances I know not. I have that important discovery yet to make."

The old woman approached him with a tottering step, and laid her white, shrivelled hand upon his arm, and looked into his face. Presently she said—

"What is your age?"

"I am in my twentieth year, I believe," he returned.

"And—and—Cyril Kingswood?" inquired the dame, eagerly and quickly.

"Is my junior by nearly twelvemonths," he replied.

The old woman gasped for breath.

"Great Heaven!" she muttered, "can it be that this boy is—"

She paused and again interrogated him with a shrill sharpness—

"Have you no knowledge of your place of birth?"

"I have told you no," he rejoined.

"Nor of your parents?" she asked.

"No!" he replied, laconically.

"But of those who reared you?" she continued.

"A schoolmaster and a schoolmistress," answered Erle, "to whom I was nothing but a pupil, whose quarterly bills were regularly paid, and so far entitled to their consideration. Yet there was one who had a life-interest in me, who, I am sure, is acquainted with my true history, but refuses to put me in possession of it on a plea that it is not yet time. He cannot be, I imagine, unknown to you."

"To me?" she cried.

"To you," he repeated.

"His name?" she exclaimed.

"Ishmael Malpas!" he replied, fastening upon her a searching look.

"Ishmael! Ishmael!" she repeated, with evident astonishment. For an instant she appeared convulsed, and her body rocked to and fro, but presently she mastered her emotion, and said—"Has he been your guardian, your protector, from your childhood?"

"I believe so," answered Erle.

"You believe so?" she iterated in a shrill voice. "Do you not know it?"

"He is himself my informant," he returned. "I saw him for the first time some months past—they seem years—he conducted me to Kingswood Hall, telling me that I had a right to claim a home beneath its roof, and that I had the rights of another to sustain as well as my own."

The old woman seemed as if she were about to choke. She pressed her hands upon her throat, and then tossed them wildly in the air. "If it should be so," she murmured hoarsely, "then *surely the dawn is nigh!*"

She paced to and fro for two or three minutes to recover herself. It was evident that she was making great efforts to calm down her emotions and to become collected and even wary in her conduct and speech.

He observed her agitation, and believing that the proximity of the stern, strange, old portrait had much to do with it, he said—"Will it not lessen your excitement, dame, if you seek another chamber, and—"

"No! no!" she cried, sharply. "After what has passed, what is passing, and what must come to pass, this and this alone is the room for such revelations as you may have to make—aye, and you will have to hear."

"Even as you please, dame," he responded, in a ready tone. "I am well content that it should be so."

The old woman seated herself upon an antique stool which stood near to the picture which she no longer hesitated to approach, and motioning him to follow her example, which, however, he declined, she said—"You still reside beneath the roof of Lord Kingswood?"

"No," he returned, laconically.

"No!" she iterated. "He did not cast you forth?"

"No," repeated Erle, thoughtfully, and somewhat sadly. "A chain of circumstances, forced upon me by influences over which I had no control, compelled me to quit it suddenly and secretly."

The old woman started.

"Are you he who drew blood from the son of Black Walter of Hawksbury?" she demanded, in an eager tone.

"If you mean Philip Avon," he replied, in a stern tone, "yes. Stung by his ignoble insults, I met him in fair combat. I could have slain him, but I spared his life in very scorn of him and his boasted power."

"But it was your weapon which crimsoned the pure green sward of the Chace with his blood?" she exclaimed, with singular earnestness.

"It was my weapon," he replied, laconically.

She rocked herself to and fro, and murmured—

"It is written—

> "'He bears the Kingswood brand
> Who has blood upon his hand,
> Yet for him there will be grace,
> Who within the old lone Chace
> Shall wound Black Walter's heir;
> And though his life he spare,
> Shall thrust a venom'd dart
> Deep in his serpent heart.
> Soul-slain, yet not to die
> Shall be his destiny;
> The Kingswood who does this
> May win a path to bliss.'

If you are a Kingswood truly and legitimately born," she added, bending her penetrating eyes upon him, "so much of the prediction have you fulfilled."

The broad scarlet band which appeared always upon the brow of Erle when any question respecting the integrity of his origin arose, appeared there now brightly and vividly.

A groan escaped him.

"Woman!" he said. "It is this, to me tremendous fact, that I have yet to learn. You may help me to it. Will you?"

"I may," she answered. "If it is within my power to do so I must. You have spoken of Ishmael; have you seen him since you fled from Kingswood Hall, after leaving the heir of Black Walter stretched in the semblance of death upon the sward, ensanguined with the foul blood he has inherited from his race not less accursed than that of Kingswood, for their destinies are intertwined?"

"I have been living with him in splendor, and might have been in content, if wealth could have given it," rejoined Erle. "But not there existed what I seek, what my soul yearns to know, nor the emprise upon which I have set my heart; so I have even quitted him to fight my battle with the future, guided alone by the promptings of my spirit and the energies belonging to by nature."

"Were you alone with Ishmael?" inquired Eldra, displaying eager interest in his answer.

"No," he replied, in a tone in which excitement was blended with feeling. "No, there was with us one fair, gentle, lovely as an angel and as innocent; aye and sad as beautiful, for within this leafy Chace she left her young heart."

"You speak," said Eldra, sharply, "of—"

"Violet," he ejaculated.

"Aye, another sacrifice immolated upon the altar of Kingswood," screeched the old woman, with malignant bitterness.

"Not yet," exclaimed Erle, folding his arms and regarding the old dame steadfastly. "In this I feel as I have felt in other matters, that Violet's fate is linked with mine. As I dwelt in comparative desolation, in the old schoolhouse at Avening, so Violet dwelt within this drear old building, equally unconscious with myself of our origin, mere puppets in the hands of him who has assumed the right without possessing the power of controlling our fates. I regard Violet as a sister in my isolated fate, so do I look upon her in whate'er may betide in the future. If I spring up into fortune and to happiness she shall ascend with me; aye, and it shall go hard, too, but she shall win and wear him upon whom her young, pure, loving heart is set."

"Cyril Kingswood!" exclaimed Eldra, in a hoarse voice.

"Even him," returned Erle, firmly.

"It must not, cannot be; I say it," cried the old woman.

"And if it can it shall be; I say it," cried Erle, almost, passionately. "It is not for you, woman, to interpose your voice between the decrees of Heaven and their fulfilment."

"Nor for you!" retorted Eldra, sharply. She waved her hand. "Nor is it for us to dispute between the possible and the impossible. You know not who she is. I do."

"From whom is she descended? In Heaven's name, I pray you to tell me," he cried, with earnestness.

"Why should you seek so anxiously to learn this?" she inquired, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Because, as I have told you, I believe her fate and history to be closely linked with mine," he replied. "To be frank with you, I wish it not alone for her sake, but because it may afford some clue to my own origin."

"In this supposition," observed the old crone, musingly, "you may not be far wrong, but I dare not reveal yet a history which must be disclosed only when the object for which the secrecy has been maintained shall have been gained."

Erle gazed at her with earnest attention for a few minutes, during which a profound silence was maintained. He broke it by saying, "You have repeated some doggerel rhymes respecting a Kingswood. I have heard others such from a rough fellow whom I have met in the Chace, and I have heard them—"

He paused and placed his hand thoughtfully upon his brow.

"Where?" inquired Eldra, as he hesitated.

"In—in dreams—strange, mysterious dreams, which I was much disturbed with when I slept within an antique bed-chamber in the ancient part of Kingswood Hall," he replied.

"A chamber in which hung a portrait of the Lady Maud, whose blood stains the walls of this doomed building, and yet rests—aye, see, it mingles with your own from the wound you inflicted upon your hand and drips upon the floor—already blood stained," the old woman cried, in a tone of excitement.

Erle started, and bound hastily his bleeding hand with his handkerchief.

"Aye," he muttered, inwardly, "they commingle, as they shall commingle the first with the last."

Then he said aloud, "I repeat I have heard portions of rhymes, which seem to belong to traditions of the House of Kingswood. Can you repeat them?"

"I can," she answered.

"Will you?" he interrogated.

"No," she replied. "They are to be found in the archives of the House of Kingswood. He who has the right to hear them must seek them in the old library at the Hall—"

"Enough," he replied. "I will seek them there. But tell me, unless that too is secret, who and what are you?"

The old woman mused for a few minutes, then her body rocked to and fro again as it had before, when she labored under feelings of deep emotion, and a low, sorrowing wail of agony burst from her lips. She turned her eyes up to him, glittering with hot tears.

"I am a Kingswood," she said, in tones of singular bitterness. "The withering mantle of their shame has clung to me from girlhood until now, and will until the reluctant earth receives me into its cold arms to bear the doom no longer."

"You a Kingswood?" echoed Erle, with an air of astonishment.

"Aye," she replied, in clear but hollow tones. "Listen. This old tower, known in past centuries as THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHACE, has been so called because there exists no record of its first erection or of him by whom it was built. The archives of the race of Kingswood go not back so far as the building of the lower nor its original occupiers. All that is known is, that it stood in the time of the Saxon Heptarchy, and was held by a powerful chief, who ruled over a vast body of followers and serfs, by the name of Erle."

Erle started and would have spoken, but the old woman waved her hand, and continued,

"This Saxon chief was followed by descendants who still held this tower in common with other possessions, and eventually Kingswood Hall became the castle of the first Baron of Kingswood; it occupied once an extensive site, it suffered partial demolition through

the continuacy of one of the race, and has since become what you see it, but this tower has undergone scarcely any change. Such as it was in the time of the Saxon chief Erle, you see it now."

"One moment," interposed Erle, "the Saxon name you have mentioned is one which interests me more nearly than you perhaps imagine. Are the Barons of Kingswood descended from the chief you have named?"

"This is a fact which is hidden in obscurity. There is a gap in the history of the house which it has been found impossible to supply. If any archives were written which could have thrown light upon the point, they have been lost. It is known that you Baron," she pointed to the picture as she spoke, "he who has wrought so much dire misery upon his successors, was named Erle, Baron of Kingswood, but since his time that name has not been borne by a Kingswood."

"Until now," thought Erle, not a little moved by the impression her statement made and the suggestion it forced upon him. He did not make any allusion to this suggestion, but he said—

"Has the name of Gower ever been mixed up with that of Kingswood by marriage or otherwise?"

The old woman shook her head. "It has its significance," she replied, "when mentioned with the name of Kingswood. It is one of the family names of Vernon, of Huntingford."

Erle understood now why Ishmael had given him the name of Erle Gower, for each name was to Lord Kingswood a symbol of doom and retribution.

He remained silent, and the old woman, who, after a minute's pause, had collected her thoughts, which had been scattered by Erle's interpolatory remarks, resumed her revelation—

"This old hunting tower of Kingswood Chace, the scene of a dreadful deed of former days, has been my home for many a weary year, as it has been the home of others similarly circumstanced to myself. Though it belongs to the barony, it is only held by the baron for the time being, under certain conditions, one of which is, that it shall afford a home to such nearest member of the direct line, being a woman, who shall have suffered from the curse which clings to the House. There has never been any failure in the direct line, and there have been many collateral branches, male and female. Of the female the most beautiful were the first to be sacrificed to the doom. I had the fatal gift of beauty, even like unto her from whom you have but recently parted. A violet in these old woods—a bruised flower perhaps ere this in the accursed city. My father, a Kingswood, married a young and beautiful girl. I was the only offspring. Well that it was so; he broke her heart, squandered his patrimony, and came hither to die miserable and a beggar. He left me in care of an old woman, whom he had hired to wait upon him. She brought me up within the old building carefully and tenderly, but in ignorance and simplicity. One bright morning as I sat at yonder window, a young hunter passed by, stopped, gazed at me, and spoke; he was handsome, and looked truthful, and noble, and generous in spirit, but he was a Lord of Kingswood and a villain. He came again and again. I had seen no mortal creature so beautiful in my eyes as he. I had heard no words so soft, so musical, so strangely pleasing as his, and so, when he asked me to quit the old Chace for a brighter world, I consented, and fled with him. It was a short, happy dream while it lasted. I awoke to find myself discarded; a finger point, an object of scorn and contempt to my own sex, of horror and humiliation to myself.

"I came back here lone and desolate, and he married a lady of wealth and of high family, who perished not long after she had given premature birth to a son, owing to a fall from her horse. It was at this period, while I was mourning in bitterness and anguish, that one night there was a violent knocking heard at the door of the tower, and a voice called my name thrice. I descended and opened the door. I could see no one, but at my feet lay a bundle, from which issued the wail of an infant. I took it up, and entered the tower with it. I examined it with a light, and found a beautiful young female child of scarce a twelvemonth old carefully enwrapped in a thick mantle. Upon its breast was pinned a scroll, upon which was written the following words:—

"'This child is a Kingswood, its mother was a Kingswood; the doom of her race is fallen upon her—she is dead. To you, by right as by tradition, the care of her and the task of rearing her within the ancient tower falls. Look to her, protect her from the fatal glance of a Kingswood. She is the offspring of a secret marriage; be content to learn no more. The name she is to bear is Eria!"

"The feminine of Erle!" suggested he.

"Even so," rejoined the old woman, with a shudder, and continued—"Nothing further was written on the paper. In the fold of the clothes there was a bag of gold pieces, but not the slightest clue to any further discoveries respecting her. I looked upon the child rather as a gain in my desolation than as a fresh burden to my sorrow, and I commenced my maternal task with zeal. I reared it with the watchfulness of a bird tending its young, and she grew up a perfect marvel of loveliness. The foresters and the retainers of the Kingswood estate are forbidden to approach this tower, but if ever they caught a glimpse of fleeting Eria as she darted like a fawn across a narrow glade, they called her THE WOMDER OF KINGSWOOD CHACE. Even as I had been, as Violet has been, as others yet to come will be. At last the eye of Lord Kingswood fell on her—the eye of the serpent—it fascinated her. I discovered this all too late. I fled with her to Huntingford, and thought that she would have been wedded to Vernon of that place; but I kept my secret when I should have disclosed it. Kingswood followed and fled with her—"

"But," cried Erle, with startled energy and a face white as marble, "he—he married her?"

"Aye, he married her, but—hush!" suddenly exclaimed the old woman, raising her finger, "we are intruded upon."

A stealthy step was heard ascending the stair, and in another minute the shaggy head of Tubal Kish appeared in the doorway.

CHAPTER LVIII.

But its bitter found repeating,
Cried the harsh voice: "where are they—
All the friends of former hours,
Who forget your name to-day?
All the links of love are shattered,
Which you thought so strong before.
And your life is doubly lonely,
And alone since loved no more."

—A. A. P.

Violet found, after Erle's departure from the roof of Ishmael, that the forebodings she had expressed to the former were quickly in the way of realization.

The return to London had been abrupt; it was followed by a seclusion even yet more lonely than that she had suffered at Gray's Mount. She met Ishmael but seldom, and he, though kind and gentle in his manner to her, scarcely spoke a word.

She saw that his face was more pallid than usual, and that it looked more haggard and careworn than she had ever known it; but he neither by word nor manner betrayed that he suffered mentally to any greater extent than he had previously done.

He said not a word to her respecting Erle; he acted, in fact, as though he had never dwelt with them, and had taken no active share in their every-day movements. Sometimes, when they were together, he reading and she thinking, under the pretence of needlework, she would raise her eyes to the door, as if she heard a footstep and expected Erle to enter the room. Then, perhaps, she would catch a searching glance from Ishmael's dark, flashing orbs, which seemed to read her thoughts, and his lips would move as if about to make an observation respecting the absent, self-willed Erle, but he would check himself and remain silent.

He was away much, and she passed the greater portion of her time within her own room, wondering at the purport of Cyril's words, and weeping as she remembered them and the look which accompanied them. What could those words and that look mean? They did not betray aversion or indifference; on the contrary, they exhibited a passionate grief at the very thought of the parting to which they had addressed themselves. His impulse on meeting her had been to press her hands to his burning lips with fervent joy, and though the next moment he had cast them from him, it was with an expression of agony, not of a love which had grown cold.

He had said, "I dare not see you more." There was not a tone in the utterance of this sentence which implied "I care not to see you more." And he had said that they were to part for ever, but he had spoken this dreadful sentence with a cry of anguish, as though it was his own death warrant.

What was she to believe? Not that he loved her less than ever, but that, like herself, he was coerced to pursue some path which would conduct him from hers in such direction that she could never meet as she had in love and happiness.

Perhaps it was not strange that she should feel this repulse less acutely after she had thought it over than she had that which had occurred at the Marquis of Chillingham's. Then his face was averted from her, his eye fell coldly upon the ground, and it seemed to her that, in separating from her, his love had departed too.

Now, it was clear that some most formidable obstacle intervened between them and the interchange of their loves, but it was not clear to her that his love for her had faded, even though they were divided. There was a deep, sobering, even pleasing consolation in that thought. She felt that she should love him as fondly, as dearly, whatever barriers might divide them. It would matter little what harsh designs Ishmael might have in store, or what part he might compel her to enact, he could not compel her to cease to love Cyril, to forget him, or to omit him in her morning and nightly orisons, and she thought that it would be some alleviation to his sorrow if he knew it.

And then Erle had bade her have FAITH. Ah, why not? Faith in the goodness and the wisdom of Heaven. Why might not this very suffering be a trial of her faith as it was of Cyril's? Cyril had not spoken of a broken troth; he had, in a tone of acute misery, said, "I dare not see you more." This was not said as though he had faithlessly snapped asunder his plighted vows, but as if he was compulsorily kept from her by the stern edicts of one who had power over him, as great, and, as it seemed, as cruel as that Ishmael wielded over her.

And what were these two opposing powers to the will of Heaven? Reeds! It might be the fiat of the All-merciful as Almighty that they should again meet and yet be happy. It might be His will that they had seen the last of each other upon earth, and to that decree she felt she must, she could, meekly bow, for it would not call upon her to pluck from out her heart the love she bore to Cyril. She might pine away and die, because that her first deep love had been blighted, but she should die happy, at least in one thing, her unwavering, unfading, unswerving love for him.

With such reasoning did she strive to sustain her drooping spirits in her loneliness; and she drew some comfort, certainly, from the reflection that she was performing a loving duty to Cyril by firmly believing in his truth, though they were parted even as they had been; and she felt also a satisfaction that, by pursuing this course, she should win the approbation of Erle, for whom she entertained a strange feeling, almost amounting to reverence.

Poor girl! Her faith was about to undergo a severe ordeal.

One morning, in the absence of Ishmael, she was seated in her apartment before a piano, playing and singing her favorite ballad, "When We Two Parted," and as the last notes of the first verse—for she repudiated all other stanzas—died tremblingly away upon her quivering lips, a low, soft voice expressed words of gratified approbation.

She hastily started from the instrument, blushing to have been thus overheard, for she only played in the presence of her musicmistress or alone, and beheld Carlton Stanhope standing before her.

He had entered unannounced, and he apologized for it. "I was anxious to see you alone, Violet," he said, with a slight tremble in the tone of his voice, "and I fancied if I permitted myself to be announced, I should have to face 'thy king, thy lord, thy governor,' the most grave and potent Mr. Vernon, and that you, timid as you are, would fly from by no means such a terrible fellow as I am, simply because Beatrice is not with me."

He paused; but as Violet did not speak, but merely looked inquiringly at him, he continued—"The fact is, Beatrice is not herself; she has grown whimsical, capricious; her thoughts are disjointed, her actions curious, impulsive, and unmeaning; but, Violet, when she is in the favorable mood to visit you, she will come and be violently affectionate to you, suddenly cold as Siberian ice, will laugh with you, weep with you, sing to you, quit you abruptly, and return and entreat your pardon, winding up with a promise never to see you more."

Still Violet was silent, and looked at him with an air of surprise.

Then he flung his hat impatiently on the table, and pulled off his gloves impetuously. "Shall we be seated?" he said, motioning to her to take a seat.

She complied, and remained silent, as though it was necessary that all to be spoken should come from him.

"Where is Erle?" he inquired abruptly.

"He is absent," returned Violet, quietly.

"I have not met him anywhere lately," he subjoined. "What has become of him? Where has he gone?"

"I do not know," replied Violet, in as quiet a tone as before, and still regarding him with some surprise.

"I beg your pardon," he returned, promptly; "I had no right to put that question. I don't think he looked well when I saw him at Brighton. I am sure you did not, Violet. My sister was ill, I was fidgetty, and not the thing; Lady Kingswood and Lady Maud were both miserably ill. Nobody was well at Brighton. I don't quite think I like Brighton. There was poor Cyril Kingswood, too, he looked deucedly ill, in fact, frightfully bad."

"Is—he—is—is Mr. Cyril Kingswood—really—really very—ill?" inquired Violet, articulating the words with the greatest possible difficulty, for Carlton's hasty words had shocked her greatly.

"Well, yes," returned Carlton, thoughtfully, "if looks are a fair criterion. He seems so horridly miserable, too, and that in the face of his approaching marriage."

"His marriage!" exclaimed Violet, with a sudden, eager earnestness.

"Oh, yes. You have surely heard of it?" he rejoined. "It is a strange match for Lord Kingswood to countenance. You must have heard the particulars?"

"N—o!" returned Violet, faintly.

"How extraordinary! It is in everybody's mouth," replied Carlton. "The fact is, Lord Kingswood is a proud, haughty noble, priding himself upon his descent from some grim old baron, who, between you and I, tradition declares to have been no better than he should be, for in those days barons and such folk did a great deal in the way of burglary and cattle-stealing. Possibly the Kingswood ancestor distinguished himself in that peculiar mode of accumulating property. Now, everybody thought that Lord Kingswood would not permit Cyril Kingswood, whom he was said to have regarded as the apple of his eye, to wed with any fair lady of less rank than a princess, and he is actually going to fling him away upon a cotton spinner's daughter."

Carlton paused to take breath, and Violet, to whom every word was intensely interesting, could only murmur—"A cotton-spinner's daughter!"

"Yes," rejoined Carlton; "but truth bids me to declare that cotton-spinning appears to resemble very much the gold-spinning of the fairy tale, for Mr. Ebenezer Cotton, the parent of the fair Eleanore, the bride elect, has spun cotton to a very golden purpose. His wealth is said to be immense, and, in order to buy a real live lord for a son-in-law—for one day Cyril Kingswood will be Lord Kingswood of Kingswood—he has endowed his daughter with a fabulous amount of wealth."

Violet felt very faint; but she said, in a low tone—"Is this mere report, or is it truth?"

"Oh, it is true enough," returned Carlton, in a confident tone. "The preliminaries are all arranged, and the marriage will very shortly take place."

"Is there—no chance of escape—for—for Cyril?" inquired Violet, in an almost inaudible voice.

"Es-cape!" he echoed, in a tone of amazement. "Escape, Violet! Did I hear you aright? Escape from the income of a principality! Indeed no! They will most certainly be married, and that within a very few weeks, too."

He little thought what words of horror and desolation he was pouring in her ears. He would have, perhaps, enlarged upon the topic, but she rose as if to leave the room.

He rose too, and gently detained her.

"Pray be seated for a few minutes, Violet," he said, in an earnest tone of voice. "You will greatly favor me if you will. I am quite sure it is not your nature to inflict unkindness willfully.

She reseated herself in silence. "I—I—I rather think," he commenced, with an air of embarrassment, "that I introduce Cyril Kingswood's affair as a—with a—in the—dash it?—partly to lead the way to matters that I wished to speak with you upon. I had a notion—that is, I have formed a wish—the fact is, I hardly know how properly to express myself! but the truth is, I am anxious to have your opinion upon such a marriage as this between Cyril Kingswood and Eleanore Cotton."

Violet's bosom swelled, and her heart ached to bursting. The tears sprang into her eyes, and she bowed her head low to conceal them. "I pray you to excuse me," she whispered rather than spoke.

He did not understand that she could have any cause for poignant feeling in this match, and therefore he did not perceive her emotion. Indeed, his own eyes were fixed upon the ground, and he was too much occupied with his own thoughts to observe any betrayal of feeling by her.

"I don't know that I make myself properly understood," he continued, half musingly. "What I wish to ask you is, whether, if ever you were to love, you would be guided in your decision by considerations of wealth?"

"Oh, Heaven, no!" she ejaculated, with a fervor which somewhat startled him, and he rose, for she had risen, with a sudden impulse.

Poor Violet! She was unaccustomed to the forms of society, to the reserves and the reticences which the "proprieties" exact. Her thoughts were all pure, and her words and acts were all simple, and untrammelled by the conventional forms of social etiquette. She was truly a child of nature, and she spoke as such.

Her heart, her soul were upon her lips, unconscious that to disguise her feelings would be "to behave well." She gave rapid utterance to the thoughts which alone obtained in her mind, and which were brought there by the shape into which Carlton had forced the conversation.

"You have used these words!" she continued, with an energy which greatly amazed him, "'If I were ever to love,' Carlton Stanhope, I have loved from my childhood. I love still, even in the face of what I have heard! I have plighted my troth where I have given my heart, and to that troth I shall remain unchangeably true! The nature of that love is such that it cannot be influenced by condition in life. Were he whom I love but a poor, humble forester of the green wood, and my love was sought by a monarch, who placed his diadem at my feet, I would twine my arms about my love, bid the sovereign resume his crown, and retire with him who owned my heart to his poor cot in the forest depths, happier infinitely there than it would be possible for me to be in the palace of the potentate."

She had not power to articulate another word. She bent hurriedly to him and fled from the room.

Carlton stood like one who had been stunned by a thunder-clap. In describing his sister's unsettled state of mind, he had very fairly described his own, and he had, therefore, after some self-examination, arrived at the conclusion he was desperately in love with Violet; that it would be better to ascertain her sentiments towards him, and, if favorable, lay at her feet his heart, his hand, and the prospects of a small fortune, which would be increased or diminished as fate might determine.

The interview which he had sought with so much anxiety resulted as we have seen.

He seized his hat, and rushed out of the house, never to return to it more. Violet, having loved some ideal forester from her childhood, was an effectual bar to any hopes he might have entertained on his own account.

What now were faith and hope to Violet? of what value were the illustrations of Erle to sustain her in such a trial as this? What was there left for her but despair? Yes, one thing! to make her heart the grave of her buried hopes, and to bend in silent, unrepining resignation beneath the blow which had shattered to fragments all the happiness she cared to know on earth. She had seen the fairest things in the wild Chace destroyed by the lightning shaft. She had been taught by Ishmael that they had been smitten by a power Supreme, against whose fiat it was weak and wicked to oppose regrets and reproaches, which at most could only be unavailing. All the flowers and blossoms of her young life seemed now scattered beyond redemption; and she had but to bend to the hurricane, and cherish alone in her heart the memory of her love.

She yearned to return to Kingswood Chace; it was the only active thought which flitted through her deadened brain, the only wish which yet had life in her otherwise dead heart, the only object to which she resolved now to devote such energies as remained; and to execute this design she resolved to search for an opportunity without pausing or flagging in her efforts.

Ishmael, deeply occupied in certain affairs in which he appeared greatly interested, did not observe her look of settled despair, or the death-in-life aspect she wore. His attention was drawn to it, however, by Violet's own maid, who was affrighted by the trance-like character of Violet's daily life.

And he thought that a ride in the fresh air would bring roses to her cheek—flowers blooming over a tomb—and he believed that admiring eyes and thronging flatterers would resuscitate the lifeless soul and give lustre to the inanimate eye, even because he had by some experiences and certain observations concluded that woman's disappointed love is never buried so deep but that another hand can root it out, and plant there a flower which shall bud and blossom as brightly as that which grew there before and was withered.

The park—among the fashionable, the gay, the thoughtless, the reckless and the heartless, the noble and the ignoble—was the spot whither Ishmael conducted her.

She, as hitherto, attracted the attention of all who thronged there; her marble whiteness aiding in the exaction of expressions of wonder. She, however, appeared to move as if in a dream, and her observation was not caught by a single object there.

Not so that of Ishmael. He perceived Carlton Stanhope approach, and he saw that his horse came nearly in contact with that of Violet's, and that his eyes rested for a moment upon her face, and that then he turned his head from her coldly, as though he had never met her before.

He passed on.

Shortly after Beatrice Stanhope, pale even as Violet, appeared seated in an open carriage, with her father seated by her side. The flank of Violet's horse grazed the panel of the carriage, Beatrice looked up and saw Violet. There was a slight curl upon her upper lip, as she, with a very decided action, turned her head away, and made some remark to her father.

Ishmael's brow descended almost to his cheek-bones, but his eye, like a burning coal, settled upon the face of Sir Harris Stanhope, to that gentleman's evident discomfort. The carriage passed on in another instant.

There was one more ordeal. Among the many carriages which rolled onward, came a second, which drew the attention of Ishmael, and with almost a refinement of cruelty—though he thought it not such—he caused Violet to observe it too.

It contained Cyril Kingswood, who sat, with pallid face, evidently in deep and sad thought. By his side was seated a fair and handsome girl, who seemed to devote herself much to enliven and to amuse him by her conversation, as well as by pointing out to him various objects of interest.

His eye encountered that of Violet's. An expression ran over his face as though he suddenly felt the racking agony of a spasm darting through his frame. He closed his eyes as though in pain, and he, too, averted his face.

Ishmael watched Violet closely. He kept close to her side, and even gripped her by the wrist, for he feared that she would fall from her horse. He breathed a few sharp words in her ear, and he turned his horse's head homeward, utterly indifferent, as it seemed, whether she died ere she reached it.

But they did reach home. He said not a word to Violet; he believed that she would weep, and that tears would prove the beneficial medicine to her mind diseased, and so he sent her to the solitude of her own chamber.

But she did not weep. She only prayed for power to resist strange, horrible, dark thoughts which obtruded themselves upon her agonized mind.

On the morrow he sought her. "Violet," he said, in a low, deep, sad tone, "I have shown you two phases of life; the one in which all was pure, bright, fresh, and clear as an unclouded summer day, the other which has been all splendor, glitter, tinsel, and tawdry. Upon the surface it seemed to be of the purest gold, beneath it is the vilest mockery and trickery. You heaped the priceless treasure of your love upon one who has deceived you with an empty show of return; but for my interposing hand, he would have treated your heart like a toy, played with it, and then have crushed it—"

"He loved me once," murmured Violet, with a passionate burst of tears.

"He loves you not now, for he is about to wed another," replied Ishmael, harshly. "You saw that to-day he turned coldly from you to her who will shortly become his bride. You found your own love, I found you friends! where are they? Erle, who so loudly promised to abide with you through good or evil fortune, he has abandoned you."

"No, no," feebly articulated Violet.

"I say he has," he exclaimed, harshly. "He has blood in his veins which should make him do this. I have been his only friend in life; he has cast me from him like an adder. There were other friends who but yesterday were all tenderness and affection to you—what are they to-day? I will now conduct you to a third phase of life. You have seen that nature in its rudest state is alone genuine. You have seen that the highest state of civilization is the perfection of unreality. You have received your lesson, profit by it. False love! false friends!—what are they worth? Tears? no! Sorrow? no! Despair? no! Violet, keep your heart for heaven only; your smiling face for the treacherous world. Fight it with its own weapons, but barter no more truth, love, or friendship, for you have learned already that for your gold you will receive back only the tawdriest ornaments, fashioned out of the vilest brass. To-night we leave here. Happiness is to be found in the regions of the moon possibly, but happiness on earth must be manufactured by yourself alone. It can be no longer happiness when it depends upon the caprices of others. Think of what I have said. At the hour of ten be here attired in a travelling dress, and we will depart hence to commence life anew."

As he spoke he quitted the chamber, and Violet knelt down, bowed her head in her hands, and wept in despairing desolation.

His philosophy was lost upon a young, grieving, loving nature like unto hers.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FORT PICKENS.—It is said that a private telegraphic report has reached Memphis, (Tenn.,) that Lieut. Slemmer, of Fort Pickens, had ordered the Confederate troops to stop throwing up batteries with which to bombard him. They declined obedience and he opened fire upon them, and in the course of the first day's firing *three hundred of them were killed.* The despatch was not permitted to be published in Memphis. Doubtful.

A Mobile paper states that a secret attack was to have been made on the Fort the very night it was reinforced.

REPORTED STAMPEDE OF SLAVES.—A recent alarm at Carlisle, being the rumor of an approach of Marylanders on Hanover village, York county, Pennsylvania, was occasioned by a great stampede of negroes. Reliable accounts say that whole families of slaves are crossing into Adams, York, and Franklin counties of this State. The total loss of slaves to Maryland since the troubles began is reported at five hundred.

Great fears are entertained in the border counties of Maryland of the departure of the entire slave population.

BREVITY.

It is said of the three most influential members of the Convention that formed the Constitution of the United States, that in all the debates of that body, no one of them made a speech of more than twenty minutes. We have good authority for stating that Alexander Hamilton, though reckoned among the more diffuse orators of his day, did not occupy more than two hours and a half in his longest argument on the trial of a cause, and his rival, Aaron Burr, not more than an hour and a quarter. A judge, who was intimately acquainted with Burr and his practice, confirmed this statement, adding that within his knowledge this advocate repeatedly and successfully disposed of cases involving a large amount of property in half an hour. "Indeed," said he, "on one occasion he talked to the jury seven minutes in such a manner that it took me, on the bench, half an hour to straighten them out." He added, "I once asked him, 'Colonel Burr, why cannot lawyers always save the time and spare the patience of the court and jury by dwelling only on the most important points in their cases?' to which Burr replied, 'Sir, you demand the greatest faculty of the human mind, selection.'" He is well known to have been one of the most effective advocates in his time, and in this matter, if nothing else, he deserves to be studied and imitated.

☞ ACCIDENTS BY RAILROAD.—I would suggest to timid travellers that they can avoid all danger by leaving the train, at the station preceding the place where the accident is to happen. Conductors who feel for humanity cannot do a better service to mankind than to have the above hint printed on their checks. When I think how many valuable lives might have been saved, if the direction given in the above hint had been followed, oh! how bad I feel!

☞ In England one person in every 3,100 reaches the age of 100.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1861.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

OUR CITY SUBSCRIBERS.—*Our city subscribers would oblige us by either calling at the office and settling their accounts, or else sending the money by the post. The per centage that we have to pay collectors for collecting such small accounts, is a heavy tax upon us, and one which we hope our city subscribers will, as far as possible, save us.*

A CAUTION.

In the unexampled amount of volunteering now going on, certain considerations should not be forgotten. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, at the very beginning, set its face against the loss of its employees, saying to them that they could be far more useful to the Government in their present places than in the camp or the field. The wisdom of this policy is now evident to all.

We hear of another railroad company whose president has almost determined to write to President Lincoln upon the subject of the volunteering of their men, the road being in danger of being crippled by the threatened loss of so many capable hands; and yet that road may be called upon to move large masses of troops.

There is reason in all things. The arts and duties of Peace are as essential to success in war as the fighting of battles. So long as there are twice as many offering to volunteer as are called for, men should not hesitate to take counsel of the dictates of utility. An engineer on a railroad should not rashly fly from his duties, when he knows that it may be difficult to supply his place. And so with other positions.

The agricultural community also have their duties. War or Peace, people must eat; and if crops are plentiful, that much the less suffering among all classes, and that much more ability even to wage war. After a sufficient number have volunteered and been accepted, the rest can best serve their country by working just as hard, and even a little harder than usual. If there *is* war, "shall we have no more cakes or ale?"

Or, to put the matter in a more serious shape, shall the thousands of wives and children who are left at home, deprived of their natural protectors, be exposed to great privations and sufferings by famine prices of food, and a cessation of all kinds of business? The public at large will have more or less means to contribute to their aid, as the usual business of the country is less or more interfered with.

As to the formation of military organizations by those who remain at home, and the institution of regular drills, this is a very sensible proceeding. Drilling—and practising at rifle shooting—if done in earnest, and not taken advantage of to get up a frolic, with more or less drinking, will benefit any man, and hurt no one. Drilling gives habits of attention, corrects defects of carriage, and is thus beneficial both mentally and physically. As a branch of knowledge, it is moreover useful in itself. Let every man, as far as possible, be drilled—even if he never contemplates going into active service. If he should happen to be called upon, he will find the

advantage of it. And, besides the usefulness of the thing, it is decidedly pleasant and entertaining—being superior in this respect to the majority of gymnastic exercises. A knowledge of the drill, and a study of military tactics, will enable those morcover to act as officers, whom it is a sheer waste of material to put into the ranks, but who without this knowledge must inevitably go there.

SPRING IS COME.

We have had this year the tardiest kind of a season. April for once was constant in a steady succession of cold east winds, invading even the poet's favorite month. But now with a rush the season is upon us—

"The beauty and the bloom
And all the mighty ravishment of spring."

The purple Magnolia opens its cups of incense to the sun, the young transparent leaves of the maple and linden, with the sun shining through them, are rich-hued and delicate as the petals of a flower, the drooping larch is a wonder of beauty, the weeping willow sweeps in pale green masses across the dark evergreens with the fine effect remembered so well, the pines and firs are freshly tipped with green, cool tree-shadows begin to flicker upon the turf, and we watch them darkening day by day with a rush of delicious sensations that whisper of the new summer-time at hand. No slime of human sin or misery mars the perfection of each fresh outburst of nature—each beautiful change of the rolling year. As a new gift from God they descend upon us, the bounteous seasons; and though their glory quickly fades, because as the old Norse legends say the Snake King lies at the root of the world; still the next comes to us as perfect, as sweet as if man had never fallen. Like the beaming smile and outstretched arms of our loving Father to his rebellious, unhappy children, comes the gracious ministry of Nature to the spirit jarred by the discords of life.

And now it is that the passion for gardening seizes upon all who are at all susceptible to it, from those who suddenly remember that flowers are a glory when they see the gorgeous show that gardeners force into premature bloom for sale, who purchase and carry home triumphantly their brilliant treasures, disposing them about the garden-beds as they would bouquets in their drawing-room—from these, whom we may call spasmodic lovers, to that much smaller class whose love is heart-deep and constant throughout the year, revelling more delightedly, perhaps, in mid winter visions of the beauty that is to be than in the full flush of summer glory—the last enjoying gardening in its development, like the English; the first in its results, like the French.

ORNAMENTAL EXERCISES.

In our remarks aiming to show that health and beauty and pleasure may all be attained through those primary exercises in which usefulness consists, we had no intention of undervaluing those which are pursued for pleasure only. From dancing to horseback riding, the best and noblest of all, they are undeniably good. A bracing trot or gallop through the keen frosty air of winter, a breezy canter in the shadow of the summer woods, what can begin to compare with these for healthful exhilaration? We are tempted to echo the words of Motherwell's song,

—"All else on earth is mean!"

But these things are for the rich, and riches have wings—in our country particularly volant wings—the rich of to-day may be the poor of to-morrow. For this reason it is especially necessary that the education of American women should fit them for either position. Matters of eternal moment often depend upon their ability to descend cheerfully and gracefully in the social scale. Many a man has fallen in the hour of temptation who would have stood fast if his wife and daughters had been useful as well as ornamental. "My ma never washed or dressed one of us," boastfully remarked a young girl, the oldest of a large family of pretty little children, whose father was at that very time in prison for forgery. She was proud of their former grandeur without seeming to perceive that that pride had anything to do with the destruction that had come upon them. She did not think that their easy and handsome way of living, insisted upon as a necessity, instead of loosely held as a happy accident, had been a snare to her father's feet that had drawn him down to ruin.

There *is* a sound objection to the healthfulness of housework, but it exists in the house itself. In the present imperfect state of sanitary regulations, cities are not fit places to live in, and city houses only to be temporarily tolerated. Whether their inmates work or play, do everything or do nothing, matters little; it is the lack of vitality in the air that exhausts them, not the work they do. "I do not wish you so much as to wipe a pane of glass," said a careful husband while arranging domestic matters, resolved that *his* wife should not be worn out with the care of her house. But the lady drooped notwithstanding, and it was afterwards found that a better remedy for ill health than exemption from work was adopting another kind—that of mastering a spirited pony, whose nimble feet carried her daily into a more invigorating atmosphere. When Fanny Kemble lived in Philadelphia, she might be daily seen "taking her constitutional," as the English phrase it, on a cantering horse, the clatter of whose hoofs along the streets early in the cool morning, startled sober citizens from their slumbers. While the pale city ladies, rising late, looked about them with listless eyes, taking a dreary survey of the monotonous day before them, she was miles and miles away, breathing in deep draughts of health and life; and the lovely green banks of the Schuylkill, and the wild beauty of the Wissahicon hills, came to be quite as familiar to her eyes as the shop windows on Chestnut street. This was singular then; now it is quite common. It has come to be a recognized fact that while cities are as they are, and while men must live in them, these ornamental exercises are not luxuries but necessities, to be provided for as such. Trips to the mountain tops, weeks at the sea side, frequent excursions into the country over land and water, are necessary counteractions to the defective vitality of city air. If people must do their work in an atmosphere that makes labor exhausting instead of invigorating, they should at least understand that it is a daily tax upon the constitution, and spend what they can afford for recreation in the right direction. When the laws of physical well-being are better understood and more thought of, we shall see a new set of ideas regulating expenses. The costly adornments of a city house, the care of which weighs depressingly upon their owner when the novelty is past, would purchase change and refreshment that would make life worth living—that would save many a precious life now ignorantly sacrificed.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NOVELS OF M. HONORE DE BALZAC. Library Edition. Vol. II. THE PETTY ANNOYANCES OF MARRIED LIFE. Translated by O. W. WRIGHT and F. B. GOODRICH. Published by Rudd & Carlton, New York.

When a traveller has escaped from a quagmire, and, standing on the firm ground beyond, reviews the dangers and disagreeables through which he has passed, it is but right that he should erect some memorial to warn other inexperienced or too trustful travellers from undergoing the same ordeal.

Nothing but a feeling of this sort of duty could tempt to the present notice of the new edition of the novels of M. de Balzac which is now being issued with every advantage that an excellent and spirited translation and elegant typographical array can offer.

A chance expression of favorable opinion from a reliable source in respect to the first volume of this series—"Cesar Birotteau"—disposed us to commence the perusal of the second with some eagerness. We hoped to find in it a specimen of the varied information, the analytical clearness, and the dispassionate and philosophical spirit that distinguish the best examples of modern French literature. Something of these qualities we may have found, but what information, what analysis, what philosophy!—the converse of everything pure, good, and true—the lurid light of the lower pit, instead of the light of heaven! It is not that the writer scoffs at good and holy things. He has no idea that such things exist in the universe.

We see in M. de Balzac an elegantly arrayed Parisian—faultless in dress, in demeanor, and the general *bienseances* of society; but, searching beyond these for the warm beating human heart that should establish kindred with humanity, we find him, like the horrid spectre in Edgar A. Poe's tale of the Red Death, who, when touched, fell to earth a shapeless mass of charnel clothes—no man, but a simulacrum.

The description in the publisher's preface of the habits of the author when composing is curious:

"When composing, his house door was closed to everybody except the publisher and printer, and his costume was changed to a loose, white robe of the sort that is worn by the Dominican monks. This singular writing dress was fastened round the waist by a chain of Venetian gold, to which hung little pliers and scissors of the same precious metal. White Turkish trowsers and red morocco slippers, embroidered with gold, covered his legs and feet. On the day when he sat down to his desk the light of heaven was shut out, and he worked by the light of candles in superb silver sconces, &c."

This upholstery and artificial light are the type of the Helicon of his inspiration. We cannot imagine any man walking in the morning in his garden, looking on God's sunlight, listening to the carol of the birds, caressing his rosy, innocent children, and returning from these influences to the diabolical task of writing such works as this, falsifying nature, friendship, parental affection, conjugal love, and Divine Providence.

We condemn in necessarily vague terms, finding it impossible to use more specific language, or to confirm our opinion by extracts. If we can inspire one person with the shuddering detestation with which we shall henceforth regard the name and fame of Honore de Balzac—if we can induce any to join with us in rebuking the translators who are seeking to introduce this venom into our language and our households, we shall have done some good by thus speaking.

The works of George Sand have often been commented upon with great severity, and careful parents have forbidden them, above all other books, to their children. There are, indeed, grave and deep objections to the early works especially of that most unhappy and most gifted woman. She deifies the natural impulses, the passions, and the cravings of our nature, elevating them above moral law, claiming for them the highest and most religious veneration.

But the danger and the sin of this is light in comparison with that of the cold, unfeeling brutality that blasphemes the highest human love of which man is capable by debasing it in subservience to its lowest and most sensual elements, and even denying the existence of anything higher than these. Of George Sand and of M. de Balzac it may be said that

"*She* raised a mortal to the skies;"
He brought an angel down"—

not to bless mankind with heavenly light, but to soil and clog the seraph's bright wings with the basest dregs of mortality.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, LETTERS AND LITERARY REMAINS OF MRS. PIOZZI (THRALE.) Edited, with Notes and an Introductory Account of her Life and Writings, by A. HAYWARD, Esq., Q. C. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by J. C. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

A lively book, abounding in clever remarks, smart sayings, and curiosities of literature generally. Mrs. Thrale Piozzi was a wit herself, and lived familiarly the most of her long life with the first wits of the day—so among them all a blaze of small fireworks, more or less, is kept up on every page. The

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

REPORTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Third and last lecture of the course, delivered by the Rev. W. A. P. Martin, at the Hall of the University of Pennsylvania.

The design of the lecturer in the present lecture was to impress upon the minds of his audience that the rebellion now going on in China was prompted by religious motives, and is due to the semi-Christian spirit prevalent among the insurgents. That it is an attempt, in fact, to convert the whole people to Christianity, and therefore should be abetted and encouraged by all Christian nations.

The lecturer stated that China has been the scene of more revolutions since the commencement of the Christian era than had occurred in any other country with a settled government.

France, in the period comprised between the years 480 and 1848, had seen but four revolutions, while, during the same space of time, in China, there have occurred no less than fifteen changes of dynasties, and these changes have always been characterized by the employment of brute force and grasping after the sceptre.

In the present insurrection, however, mind has entered upon the arena, and instead of repeating the same circle on the low level of ambition and lust, while these two are also accessory, there is an elevating tendency which converts that circle into a spiral, carrying society upwards and forwards, and offering to civilization a hopeful prospect.

This elevating influence is more hopeful from the fact that it is borrowed from the Christianity of the West, which has become engrafted upon the political element, which, in itself, commands our sympathy.

The Chinese race are now rising in their might to throw off the yoke of a foreign conqueror, and rid themselves of the nation under which they have been oppressed for two hundred and sixteen years.

In 1644 the Tartars, by fraud and violence, obtained possession of the Chinese throne; and ever since that time the conquered nation have secretly entertained the desire of throwing off their galling yoke, though it has not been until a comparatively recent period that the opportunity has occurred of carrying that design into execution.

The origin of the Tartar dynasty was this: A Chinese insurgent forced his way into the capital, and the Emperor of that period, in despair, took his own life.

The successful usurper, in taking possession of the palace of the late Emperor and its contents, also took possession of the beautiful wife of one of his principal generals, and this was the cause of his overthrow. The injury done through her to her husband awakened that strongest of human passions in the heathen bosom—revenge.

This general applied to the Tartars for assistance in the war he commenced against the Emperor, and they, from their cold and desolate wastes, commenced their march on the second day after their invitation, soon making themselves masters of Pekin and expelling the usurper. But when the general would have poured before them the bags of gold which he had promised them, and invited them to retire from his dominions, they replied that the Empire was theirs, and that he might take his choice either of considering himself as their enemy or as their vassal.

From Pekin the Tartars extended their sway over the whole of China. Everywhere devastating the Empire, and in many cities destroying almost the whole population; and soon there was no one to question their possession.

The Chinese people were so over-awed by the results of this contest, that they have not yet forgotten it, and still cherish a desire handed down from father to son, to be revenged; they would have attempted this revenge two hundred years ago, only they have been deterred by the idea of the invincibility of the Tartars, from framing any organized movement for their deliverance.

In 1842, when the armies of England triumphed over the Tartars in several successive engagements, the spell was dissolved, and they began to think that the Tartars were not unconquerable, and shortly after a movement of opposition to the Government began to spread itself along the southern border of the Empire, and they only awaited a master spirit who should conduct their movement towards a favorable termination.

As in all similar cases, in a few years such a man appeared, who not only undertook to fight against the conquerors of his people, but also to fight against the superstitions of his own people, and shatter the fabrics of heathenism which had stood for thousands of years. This man is the present chief of the insurgents. And the manner of his becoming connected with this movement and semi-christianizing his people is this:

In 1813, the Rev. Dr. Milne, a missionary, attempted to effect a landing in China as a coadjutor of the Rev. Dr. Morrison; but he was repelled.

However, he soon found a resting place in the peninsula of Malacca, and there came in contact with a journeyman printer, a native Chinaman, who from a zealous Buddhist was soon converted into a zealous Christian.

This man returned to China, and prepared a tract in which he endeavored to convince his countrymen of the truth of his new religion, that they might profit by it and become Christians also. But he was unfortunate; he was seized, and the whole edition of the tract was destroyed, and he himself so roughly handled that his clothes were bathed in his own blood.

This, however, did not deter him from what he considered his duty, and he resolved to make another and a bolder attempt to introduce Christianity into his country though the effort should cost him his life.

He, therefore, repeated the attempt, and on a much larger scale, preparing a much more important work than his tract had been, consisting of Dr. Morrison's translation of the Bible, accompanied by annotations of his own.

One of the great examinations (*see second lecture*) which collect the literati from all parts of the Empire was about taking place, calling together men, some of whom were destined to become the rulers of their countrymen; and he conceived the design of scattering his work among these, and, as he was at the time to one of his friends, he was resolved to make the effort come what would, and that he was prepared for persecution.

The scholars having arrived, for two days he assiduously distributed his work, but on the third day he was obliged to flee from his native land, and he again took refuge in the peninsula of Malacca.

His work was done. One of the volumes had fallen into the hands of a talented youth who conveyed it to his own house for the purpose of minute investigation. He was struck with the strange idioms and remarkable imagery of the work; but having been unsuccessful in his examination, he placed the book upon his shelf and resumed the study of the classics of his own country, in the hope of succeeding better at the next examination.

Three years passed on, and he was again unsuccessful at the contest for literary honors. His disappointment was such as to throw him into a dangerous fever, and while lying on a bed of sickness, his brain reeling with delirium, the impressions made upon him three years before by that strange volume were renewed with all the vividness of veritable experience, so that he imagined that he saw the scenes recounted, and witnessed the mysterious appearances and revelations. He thought that he saw an august being weeping over the apostacies of the world.

On his recovery, he began the reperusal of that strange book which had so impressed him, and he was surprised to discover the signification of the remarkable visions which had occurred to him during his sickness, and to recognize in the august and very majestic personage whom he had seen, the Jehovah and the Jesus of the Scriptures. He regarded this coincidence as a remarkable revelation for his especial benefit, and from that moment he was firmly convinced of the truth of the book.

He became impressed with the idea that he had been selected to teach these truths to his misguided countrymen, and he began to preach of Christ everywhere. He preached with great success, and afterwards went to Canton to be instructed by the Missionaries stationed there, and was entertained by the Rev. Mr. Roberts, a Baptist Missionary, and at the end of a short time he applied for baptism, with an application for a situation as a catechist, with a small salary, but the Missionaries, suspecting him of being mercenary in his motives, refused him baptism.

He returned to his own native place, and administered the baptism to himself, and so also did his followers each baptise himself, thus introducing into their Christianity a new mode of baptism, and one which, according with Chinese ideas, is peculiar. It consists in the application of the baptism by means of a towel, which is dipped in a basin of warm water, and then passed over the region of the heart in token of an *inward cleansing*, and the right of baptism is now administered among the insurgents of China according to this method.

The followers of this native Missionary were not as successful in their efforts to convert their brethren as was their leader, and they were seized for interfering with the objects of the national worship and thrown into prison.

Their leader appealed to the authorities to have them liberated, and failing in the attempt he took up arms in defence of his religious opinions, and thus was inaugurated the present so called rebellion.

He collected an army, declared himself Chief, and became the victor in every engagement, so that numbers of followers flocked to his victorious standard; and in two years, by 1852, he had attained such success as already to begin to calculate on subduing the whole Empire; he was called to the Imperial throne by the universal acclamation of his party, and organized his court while followed only by two thousand adherents, in an Empire of two thousand walled cities, not one of which as yet had opened its gates to him.

The news that there was a rival aspirant for the throne terrified its present tottering occupant, and he collected a large army, and in a terrible conflict dispersed the insurgents. These rallied together again and again, and after many vicissitudes of success and defeat, have succeeded in occupying one portion of the Empire of China, the court being situated at Nankeen.

These insurgents are all semi-Christians. They call Jesus the elder brother of the Father, and venerate their Chief as the younger son.

They admit of polygamy, but observe the Sabbath, and have their morning and evening prayers, and prayers for special occasions. They have a Bible in their own language, consisting of a correct translation of Genesis, and a part of the Old Testament, with every word of the New Testament without alteration. They are very kind to all Christian Missionaries, and invite them among them; and their object is to gain possession of the Empire, while they disseminate broadcast the principles of their new faith, the principles and injunctions of which they faithfully practice, in accordance with their own imperfect interpretation.

PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.—On Saturday last there were about 5,000 men at York, about 6,000 at Harrisburg, 1,600 (two Ohio regiments) at Lancaster, 2,000 at Chambersburg, and 800 regulars at Carlisle; about 15,000 in all. The whole number of regiments of volunteers called for from Pennsylvania are filled. But Governor Curtin has written to Washington, asking that he be permitted to receive the additional regiments offering, so as to raise the quota of Pennsylvania to twenty six or thirty regiments, say 30,000 men. It is said that 19,000 have been accepted, and 29,000 refused.

THE GIRARD HOUSE.—This great hotel is now put to use as a government establishment to make uniforms, &c., for the volunteers. Says the Bulletin of the 26th:—"We paid a visit this morning to the great Army Clothing manufactory at the Girard House. Things were going forward there with locomotive speed, and with perfect order and system. Five hundred and nineteen females are now employed sewing for the manufactory. This is independent of the large number of ladies who have volunteered for the good work, and of the cutters who are employed. A large number of sewing machines have been put in use, and clothing is turned out under the supervision of Messrs. Martin and Kelley at a rate that would astonish those uninitiated. Up to last night, 21,019 garments had been cut, and most of these have been made up and delivered. The pressure is great on the establishment for garments for the troops that are being pushed forward, but its resources are great, and the present demand, heavy as it is, will soon be supplied.

"Most of the volunteers who are about starting South, have been furnished with the new regulation garments made at the Girard House, and they were seen in every direction in the streets this morning. The uniforms are neat, serviceable, becoming, and exceedingly comfortable. They consist of loose and easy to the form; blue pantaloons, cut large and free; grey flannel shirts, open at the neck, and fatigue caps, contrast favorably with the tight padded coats, leather socks and hats, shakos, &c., of a by-gone day.

A WIFE REPUDIATES HER HUSBAND.—Lieut. Abner Smead, bearer of despatches from Lieut. Slemmer, at Fort Pickens, took Montgomery in his route, laid his despatches before Jeff. Davis, and then proceeded on to Washington. This treachery was discovered, and he was struck from the roll of the army—a mild punishment indeed for such an offence. The Lieutenant then went after his wife and family to Fort Monroe. There he was not allowed admission, but his wife came out to him: "Go home with you? she exclaimed. "Never! Our paths in this world are hereafter separate. I disown you. A coward and traitor you are no husband of mine. Henceforth you are to me as if dead. As long as I live I shall wear mourning, and be as a widow; and rest assured I shall educate our children to execrate and despise your memory as that of a recreant and traitor." The noble spirited but sorrow stricken lady then re-entered the fort. Mrs. Smead is, like her discarded husband, a native of Georgia, and while the latter went South to obtain the reward of his treachery, the former, with her children, came North, and is now at Morristown, N. J.

FORT MONROE.—Fort Monroe is a splendid fortification, and would resist a very large attacking force. It encloses some seventy-five acres of ground. It has two tiers of guns, casemates and barbettes, and it was thought there were over three hundred guns within its walls. It is situated a mile and a half from the main land, and completely commands Hampton Roads and the entrance to James River, and is of much importance in a military point of view. The peninsula on which it stands is about one hundred yards in width, and of course commanded by the guns of the fortress. An attack on this stronghold could not be successful unless by a force of tens of thousands, as in addition to its strength of position, it is surrounded by an outside wall of granite. Between this wall and the walls of the fort is a moat of twelve feet deep, and one hundred and twenty-five feet in width.

BANDAGES FOR THE WOUNDED.—We are reliably informed that bandages should be made of soft, pliable, unglazed muslin, such as is sold at six to ten cents per yard. The muslin should be *torn*, not *cut*, into strips, and these strips sewed together at the ends with a soft, flat seam. When long enough, the bandage should be rolled as *tightly and compactly* as possible, and when rolled, the loose threads should be removed from the ends of the roll. The length of the bandages should be marked with a pencil on each roll. Bandages of the following lengths and widths are most useful:

12 yards long and 4	inches wide.
9 yards long and 3	inches wide.
8 yards long and 2½	inches wide.
5 yards long and 2	inches wide.
3 yards long and 2	inches wide.

THE NAVY YARD—ARRIVAL OF TROOPS.—About 100 troops, belonging to the regular service, arrived in this city recently from Governor's Island, New York, en route for Fort Delaware.

Six officers of the Niagara, (recently from Japan,) have refused to take the oath of allegiance and resigned—among them the first and fourth Lieutenants. First Lieutenant Brown was afterwards arrested in Boston for seditious conduct.

One of the Virginians, who recently arrived in Pennsylvania, was formerly an officer of the Federal Forces at Fort Sumter, and a Breckinridge Democrat. He brought the title deeds of his estate with him, but expects that his property, worth $40,000, will be confiscated. He reports that every man is compelled to serve the State or leave.

SENATOR JOHNSON.—LYNCHBURG, VA., April 21.—Andrew Johnson, United States Senator from Tennessee, passed through here to-day, on his way from Washington to Tennessee. A large crowd assembled and groaned at him, and offered every indignity, including pelting his nose. Every effort was made to get him off the cars. The demonstrations were first suggested by Tennesseeans. Great difficulty was experienced in restraining the populace. Johnson was protected by the conductor and others, who begged that he might be permitted to proceed home, and let his case in people dealt with him. He declined sending a message asserting that Tennessee should furnish her quota of men to the United States.

BATTERIES ALONG THE POTOMAC.—Opposite Mount Vernon, sixteen miles below the city, the river is commanded by Fort Washington, in possession of an efficient garrison of the United States, and from that point the stream, two miles in width, gradually widens to its mouth, where it is nearly ten miles across. In 1814 some batteries were raised along the Virginia shore to oppose the ascent of the British fleet, but a few broadsides knocked them into pieces, the fleet ascended to Alexandria, and opening their port holes so as to rake all the principal streets, reduced the place on demand, and levied from it an immense amount of tribute, in the shape of flour, pork, beef and tobacco.

GEN. SCOTT.—Gen. Scott was thoroughly aroused at the reports spread at the South concerning his resignation, and took occasion to say to a group of gentlemen, several of whom were officers, and who had pointed out to him the report "Sirs, I have served half a century under that beautiful flag, and though I have the firmest confidence in you all, and in your patriotism, I can more easily believe that you would trample that flag in the dust than that I should ever be suspected of resignation at this hour of trial. No, sirs; please God, I will fight for many years yet for this Union, and that, too, under the protecting folds of the star-spangled banner."

PAY OF THE TROOPS.—The following, says the Harrisburg Patriot, gives the rate of pay allowed in the army of the United States to which the militia is entitled when called into service:

	Per month.
Colonel,	$218 00
Lieutenant-Colonel,	194 00
Major,	175 00
Captain,	118 50
First Lieutenant,	108 50
Second Lieutenant,	103 50
Brevet Second Lieutenant,	103 50
First, or Orderly Sergeant,	29 00
Other Sergeants,	27 00
Corporals,	22 00
Privates,	20 00
Musicians,	21 00

Officers are required to provide their own uniforms and equipments, but the men are clothed and armed by the Government.

MOST of the shipping houses in the West India trade, are sending their vessels to sea now well provided with "swivels" and "pivots," in order to be prepared for attack.

THE OLD MAN'S TALK TO HIS WIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Jessie, just stir the fire, good wife,
And draw the curtains too,
And come sit here beside me,
My patient friend and true.

Just another such a night, love,
Full thirty years agone,
We sat by this same hearth-stone,
But not as now alone.

For in yonder shaded corner
Stood a silken covered crib;
'Twas baby Joe's bright, sunny face,
The flooting curtain hid.

And here on the velvet carpet
Where rest your slippered feet,—
You remember how he lay, wife,
Our eldest, fat saleep.

One dimpled arm supporting
His head, with its wealth of curls;—
I tell you what, our two fair boys
Were worth a dozen girls!

But many a change has come, old wife,
Since that calm, happy night;
The crib is gone,—oh! baby Joe,
The pale, cold, white moonlight

Still haunteth us, and the swift stream
Hath the same wailing sound,
As when, beneath its glassy wave,
Our white, dead boy was found!

And Rob?—ah! wife, the bitter tear
Joe's memory hath brought,
Gives place to a proud, happy smile
At what our Rob hath wrought.

Our one good son, our noble man,
Our pride and growing name,—
Filling our home with words of love,
The world with deeds of fame.

But, wife, where is our boy to-night?
—What! not at Lee's again!
Well, Annie is a nice, good girl,
And I need not complain.

For I went wooing once myself;
And if our Robert's wife
Should prove one half as good as mine,
He'll keep good friends with life.

And, wife, we too should thankful be
That God has blessed us so!
Our home still holds the grown man Rob,
Our hearts, the baby Joe.

MARION SHIRLEY.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

"Temple Bar," a London periodical, contains the following, which we have thought would prove of interest to our own volunteers, though designed for English ones:—

J. R. Chapman, an American author, writing in 1848, says:

"An army of 50,000 men landed upon the Atlantic coast, intending to remain or penetrate into the interior, would inevitably be destroyed or captured in three months, and this would be effected principally with the rifle. A man accustomed to carry a rifle with as much care as an Old Countryman does a watch—educated, perhaps born, in the woods, accustomed to hang his life upon the certainty of a sure shot—is a tremendous overmatch for another, who knows his weapon only on drill, never saw a clump of trees larger than those in Hyde Park, and who, as a marksman, is likely to hit neither the tree nor the man behind it."

In short, every writer on the subject admits that the first thing to be learnt is the use of the weapon, and that all practice in drill and marching is but a secondary consideration. But how stands the case with our (English) volunteers? A few months since they were described by a French writer as "assiduously practicing every branch of their new profession, *except* the dangerous and expensive amusement of rifle-shooting."

The two great requisites for a riflemen are steadiness and precision; and that these may be acquired by practice at short ranges is proved by the success of the Swiss at Wimbledon, who gained thirteen of the all comer's prizes, at distances varying from 200 to 900 yards, though hardly one of them had ever fired before in an open range, or at a greater distance than 240 yards.

The Enfield rifle, we are told by one authority, is the best arm that was ever given to a soldier in any country. The author of the Loop Formation inform us that "the thing called the Enfield rifle" is somewhat less bad than the first one chosen (the Minie,) but is still very bad indeed. The truth, as usual, lies between these two extremes; but the first assertion is by far the most correct. The Enfield is surpassed by the Swiss in accuracy at all ranges up to 700 yards, and by the new Austrian rifle (to judge from the published accounts) at all distances; but in the materials and workmanship it is far superior to any other military weapon. In comparison with the military rifle proposed by Mr. Whitworth, it has the advantage of greater lightness, and the cartridge is not so liable to damage in transport, or from damp. In both the Swiss and Austrian weapons, the operation of loading is slower and more difficult. As regards accuracy, the Swiss has twice, and the Whitworth three times, the accuracy of the Enfield at 500 yards.

The principal defect of the Enfield is the shape of the stock, which is curiously arranged so as to be suitable for no man living. The extreme bend or crook—that is, the distance of the butt measured from the straight line which would be produced by prolonging the top surface of the barrel—is 1¼ inches, which would be suitable for a very short man; but the length of the same stock is suited to a man of medium height; so that a short man can hardly reach the trigger with his finger when in the regulation position, and a tall man has to bring his nose or cheek-bone into unpleasant contact with the stock before he can look along the barrel at all. This shape of stock is copied from the old "Brown Bess" musket, and the reason, or rather the explanation, given for its being retained was thus stated by a late Government inspector of small arms: "It would be impossible to fit every man with a gun-stock to suit his shoulder; and, with sufficient practice, a man may learn to shoot with a barrel tied on a mopstick." To appreciate the value of this reasoning, it is only necessary to suppose the same principle carried out in the hats or shoes of our soldiers. If every man's foot, for instance, were placed in a regulation pair of shoes, twelve inches long by two inches broad, he would be fitted in much the same manner as he is at present with his rifle stock.

Another fault is the position of the back, or elevating sight, upon the barrel. In aiming at 500 yards, it is eleven inches from the eye. If any one will place the page he is reading at this distance from his eye, and look over it at a more distant object, he will probably see a curious confusion in the outline of the sheet, which appears blurred, and not so sharp and clear as it did at a longer distance. The focal length of the eye, for an ordinary sight, is from twelve to thirteen inches, and if any object is placed within this distance, its outline becomes indistinct and confused, and it is, of course, impossible to see it clearly whilst aiming. If the stock of these rifles were made half an inch more crooked, and the sight were placed two inches further from the eye, nine men out of ten would make better practice with them than they can now do.

We owe, perhaps, an apology to the volunteers, who, we may assume, are the only readers who will have courage to wade through the dry details of this portion of our subject, for proceeding to explain the principles of counting the hits upon the Hythe system, with which, no doubt, they are well acquainted. Nevertheless, for the sake of the general reader who may have incautiously ventured thus far, we will state them as briefly as possible.

In the third class, at all distances up to 300 yards, the bull's eye, 8 inches in diameter, counts 3 points; the centre, 24 inches in diameter, counts 2 points, and any other part of the target, 4 feet by 6 feet, counts 1 point.

After 300 yards bull's eyes are not counted; the centre, 2 feet in diameter, counts, as before, 2 points; and any other part of the target, 6 by 8 feet, counts 1 point.

After 600 yards the centre, 3 feet, counts 2 points; but the target is increased to 6 by 12 feet, and any part of it counts 1 point if hit.

This plan of counting is based upon the known performance of the Enfield rifle. Thus, after 300 yards bull's-eyes are not counted, because, though the 8 inch circle may be touched at such distances, it is impossible to say if the hit is owing to the skill of the marksman or to accident. In fact, the rifle cannot be trusted to hit within eight inches at 400 yards. For a military weapon this is not considered a defect, since whether an enemy be hit in the chin or the forehead will probably make no difference to him. But as rifles exist (viz., the Whitworth, Lancaster, and other small bores) which will put all their shots into a two-feet circle at 400 yards, it is much to be wished, that, when these are used, some system of counting should be adopted which would allow a greater accuracy of measurement, since with such a weapon a good and bad shot may "tie" each other for a considerable time, though one may hit the centre and the other the edge of the bull's eye every shot.

It will be noticed, that though the width of the targets is increased for the long distances, the same height—six feet—is always retained. This is assumed to be the height of an infantry soldier; and two feet being taken as the width of a man standing upright, the third class target, therefore, represents the space occupied by two men; the second class, that of four; and the first class, that of six men standing in line. The Hythe average of shooting for 900 yards is 0.75 points; that is, we may say, a marksman is expected to hit the target once in five shots at that distance. This may seem very poor shooting to those who take their notions of rifle practice from the extraordinary stories that have been circulated. Our American cousins, who have certainly in one respect far surpassed the traditional attribute of the longbow, inform us that when a man "down east" goes out squirrel-shooting, he is very careful to hit the animal so that the bullet enters at one eye and goes out at the other, as the skin would be worthless if it had a bullet-hole in it! Some of the newspaper articles of a year or two back spoke confidently of "picking off a man at a mile" as a very possible feat. Unfortunately it is by no means easy (except on paper) to hit an object the size of six men at half a mile, as the slightest movement will displace the front sight, the whole width of the target. For this reason a very long aim is rarely a successful one; the act of restraining the breath, if long continued, produces an involuntary movement of the muscles of the arm and chest, and when this begins all steadiness is gone.

One of the most extraordinary instances of precision in the present day, is that of an officer of the Grenadier Guards, who has frequently hit a common walking stick at the distance of 150 yards, and once at the distance of 240 yards. This excels the shooting of "the good yeoman Locksley, called Cleave-the-Wand," in Ivanhoe, though it certainly does not approach that recorded in the pages of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, whose Legend of the Rhine, however, is considered to be of doubtful authenticity.

☞ THE YOUNG IDEA.—An inspector of schools, while lately examining the young children of a country school, asked them the following questions:—"Are there any mountains in Palestine?" "Yes," replied the children. "How are they situated?" inquired the inspector. "Some are in clusters, and there are some isolated ones," they answered. "What do you mean by the word isolated?" asked the inspector. "Why, covered with ice, of course!" quickly replied the children.

THE DANGERS OF PASSION.

The following excellent story, exemplifying the danger of giving way to the passion of anger, is given in a charming little book, entitled the *Infant Manual* (published upwards of twenty years ago in Edinburgh,) and which was eminently suited to cultivate virtuous principles in the minds of children:

Little Harriet M—— was between four and five years old; she was in many respects a very good girl. She was obedient, very affectionate to her friends, and very obliging and kind; but she had a very violent temper. When anything teased or provoked her, she would get into a perfect transport of fury, and tear and strike whatever was in her way. One day, as her mamma was passing the nursery door, she heard a great noise within, and her little Harriet's voice speaking in a tone that made her sure she was bad; so she opened the door, and there she saw Harriet, with her little face swelled and distorted with rage, her curly hair all torn into disorder, while with her feet and hands she was kicking and striking with all her force at one of the servants, and crying out "I don't love you, Mary; I don't love you. I *hate* you!" She stopped when she saw her mamma.

"What is the meaning of all this?" said Mrs. M—— to the servant.

"It is just this, ma'am," said the servant, "that Miss Harriett kept throwing water about the room, out of her little new jug; when I forbade her, she threw the water that was in the jug in my face; and when I attempted to take hold of her, to carry her to you, as you desired, when she did wrong, she flew at me, and struck me as you have seen."

Mrs. M—— looked very grave, and lifting the sobbing Harriet in her arms, carried her into her own room. She sat down with her on her lap, and remained quite silent till the angry sobs had almost ceased. She then placed her on her knees, and in a very solemn voice, told her to repeat after her the following words: "Oh, my heavenly Father, look down in mercy, with pardoning mercy, on my poor little silly wicked heart, at this moment throbbing with such dreadfully bad feelings as only the spirit of all evil could put into it. Oh, my heavenly Father, drive away this bad spirit, help me with thy good spirit, and pardon me the evil I have done this day, for Christ Jesus' sake. Amen." Harriet trembled exceedingly; but she repeated the words after her mother, and, as she did so, in her heart she wished that God might hear them.

Her mamma again placed her on her lap, and asked if her rage was away. Harriet answered in a soft voice: "Not quite, mamma; but it's better."

"Very well," said her mother, "until it is quite away, I shall tell you a story that I was told when I was young, and I hope it will make as deep an impression on your mind, my poor child, as it did on mine, and tend as effectually to make you try yourself to check your bad and furious temper:—Lord and Lady —— were very great and rich people. They had only one child, and it was a daughter. They were very, very fond of this child, and she was, in truth, a very fine little creature; very lively, and merry, and affectionate, and exceedingly beautiful; but like you, Harriet, she had a bad, bad temper; like you, she got into transports of rage when anything vexed her, and, like you, would turn at or strike whoever provoked her; like you, after every fit of rage, she was grieved and ashamed of herself, and resolved never to be so bad again; but the next temptation all that was forgotten, and she was as angry as ever. When she was just your age, her mamma had a little son—a sweet, sweet little tender baby. Her papa and mamma were glad, glad—and little Eveline would have been glad too, but the servant very foolishly and wickedly teased and irritated her, by telling her that papa and mamma would not care for her now; all their love and pleasure would be this little brother, and they never would mind her. Poor Eveline burst into a passion of tears, and cried bitterly. 'You are a wicked woman to say so; mamma will always love me; I know she will, and I'll go this very moment and ask her, I will;' and she darted out of the nursery, and flew to her mamma's room, the servant in the nursery calling after her: 'Come, come, Miss; you needn't go into your mamma's room; she won't see you now.' Eveline burst open the door of her mamma's room, but was instantly caught hold of by a stranger woman she had never seen before. 'My dear,' said this person, 'you cannot be allowed to see your mamma just now.' She would have said more; she would have told Eveline, that the reason she could not see her mamma then, was because she was very sick, and must not be disturbed. But Eveline was too angry to listen; she screamed and kicked at the woman, who, finding her so unreasonable, lifted her by force out of the room, and, carrying her into the nursery, put her down, and told the servant there, as she was going away, 'that she must prevent miss coming to her mamma's room.' Eveline heard this, and it added to her rage; and then this wicked servant burst out laughing, and said: 'I told you *that*, miss; you see mamma doesn't love you now!' The poor child became mad with fury; she darted at the cradle where lay the poor little innocent new-born baby. The maid whose duty it was to watch over it was lying asleep upon her chair; and oh, Harriet, Harriet! like as you did to Mary just now, she struck it with all her force—struck it on the little tender head—it gave one feeble, struggling cry, and breathed no more."

"Why, mamma, mamma," cried Harriet, bursting into tears, "why did it breathe no more?"

"It was dead—killed by its own sister!"

"Oh, mamma, mamma! what a dreadful, what a wicked little girl! Oh, mamma, I am not so wicked as her: I never killed a little baby," sobbed Harriet, as she hid her face in her mother's bosom, and clung to her neck.

"My dear child," said Mrs. M——solemnly, "how dare you say you are not so wicked as Eveline? You are more wicked, and, but for the goodness of God to you, might have been at this moment as miserable. Were you not in as great a rage when I came to the nursery as she was? Were you not striking Mary with all your force, not one blow, but repeated blows? and had Mary been, like the object of Eveline's rage, a little baby, you would have killed her. It was only because she was bigger and stronger than yourself, that you did not actually do so; and only think for a moment on the difference between the provocation poor Eveline received, and that which you supposed Mary gave you. Indeed, Mary gave you none—you were wrong, and she was right; whereas, no one can wonder Eveline was made angry by her wicked maid. Yet you may observe, that had she not got into such ungovernable rage as not to listen when she was spoken to by the person she saw in her mamma's room, she would then have heard, that it was from no change in her mamma's love that she had not seen her for several days, but because she was confined to bed."

"And, mamma, what did Eveline's poor mamma say to her for killing the baby?"

"Eveline never again saw her dear and beautiful young mamma; she died that night of grief and horror on hearing that her sweet and lovely infant was murdered—and by whom."

"Oh, dear—oh, dear mamma, was Eveline sorry?"

"My love, how can you ask such a question?"

"But, mamma, I mean how sorry was she: what way was she sorry enough?"

"Indeed, Harriet, it is not easy to know or to tell how she could be sorry enough. All I know is, that she lived to be a big lady—she lived to be herself a mother—and in her whole life no one ever saw her smile."

"And, mamma, was it a quite true story? it is so dreadful, mamma."

"Yes, my child, it is a quite true *story*; that unfortunate child was the great-grandmother of the present Earl of E——l."

"My dearest mamma," said Harriet, once more bursting into tears, "let me go upon my knees again, and pray to God to take away my bad temper, lest I, too, become so miserable."

"Yes, my love, pray to *Him* for that, and He will hear and bless you; but also thank Him for preserving you hitherto from the endless and incalculable wretchedness so often produced by one fit of sinful rage."

The editor of the *London Literary Gazette*, in noticing the foregoing story, mentions his belief of its being perfectly true. "The unfortunate angry child," says he, "was Anna, Countess of Livingston. She was also Countess of Crawford; and, in her right, her son succeeded to the earldom of Errol. It was a smoothing iron which, in her paroxysm of rage and terror, she snatched up and flung into the infant's cradle. A sad chance directed the blow, and the baby was murdered. No other child was ever born to the family; and the poor girl grew up, fully informed of the fatal deed by which she had attained so many deplorable honors. She was most amiable, and highly esteemed, but in all her life was never known to smile. When very young she was married to the unfortunate William, Earl of Kilmarnock—beheaded in 1746—who, whatever might be the motives of his loyalty to his king, was most disloyal to his wife, being as bad a husband as it is possible to conceive. Notwithstanding this, his excellent, unhappy lady hurried to London, and made every possible effort to obtain his pardon. Her want of success is known."

OUR NATIVE LAND.

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storms and night.
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might!

For her our prayers shall rise
To God above the skies,
On Him we wait!
Thou who hast heard each sigh,
Watching each weeping eye,
Be Thou forever nigh,
God save the State!

WHAT THE PRIMA DONNA SAID.—A celebrated vocalist was in treaty for an engagement at one of the first theatres in Europe as prima donna. She demanded $12,000 for a year's service. The officer, whose duty it was to make the arrangement with her, sought to reduce this price, saying to her that the State officers, ministers and generals themselves received no such salary. "Well," answered the lady, "I can't give you any better advice than to go to them and engage them as prima donna."

☞ The Turkish bath is all the rage with trainers of race-horses, and Admiral Rous is going to have one set up at Newmarket for the Duke of Bedford's horses, so convinced is he of the vast benefits to horses arising from its use. Several masters of hounds are also going to adopt it for sweating their hunters, as well as drying their clothing; and, before long, its application to horses will be almost as universal as it has become among sportsmen, who feel its influence by the invigoration of their frames, after the hours of fatigue to which they are of necessity exposed.—*English paper.*

☞ "Do you belong to this church, sir?" queried a gentleman to a friend who was one of the heavy men of the town where the other was visiting, and who seemed much interested in the church where they had just been attending. "No, sir," replied the rich man, "quite the reverse, for the church belongs to me."

☞ Losing a cow for the sake of a cat—This is the Chinese interpretation of going to law.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CARRIE MYER.

Behold your work! Yes, you may start and weep
To look upon her now! One day you'll know
How the poor heart is wronged and ruined. Deep
Unbroken rest she needs from such wild woe.
You "cannot bear it!" Did you think of this
When every word and deed was aimed to win
Her woman's soul? and when o'er vanished bliss
She grieved, and pined for glories that had been?

"Do not betray me! never let them know
How I have suffered. Let them think the fire
Of natural fever brought this body low—
Dare not a father's wrath—a brother's ire"—
The pale lips fall. Oh, *they* would not forgive
As *she* forgives! But for your reckless arts,
The beautiful, the idolized might live!
What thought more maddening to breaking hearts!

THE DIET OF CHILDREN.

FROM "EDUCATION," BY HERBERT SPENCER.

The rhythmical tendency which is traceable in all departments of social life—which is illustrated in the access of despotism after revolution, or, among ourselves, in the alternation of reforming epochs and conservative epochs—which, after a dissolute age, brings an age of asceticism, and conversely—which, in commerce, produces the regularly recurring inflations and panics—which carries the devotees of fashion from one absurd extreme to the opposite one—this rhythmical tendency affects also our table-habits, and by implication, the dietary of the young. After a period distinguished by hard drinking and hard eating, has come a period of comparative sobriety, which, in teetotalism and vegetarianism, exhibits extreme forms of its protest against the riotous living of the past. And along with this change in the regimen of adults, has come a parallel change in the regimen for boys and girls. In past generations, the belief was, that the more a child could be induced to eat, the better; and even now, among farmers and in remote districts, where traditional ideas most linger, parents may be found who tempt their children to gorge themselves. But among the educated classes, who chiefly display this reaction towards abstemiousness, there may be seen a decided leaning to the under-feeding, rather than the over-feeding of children. Indeed their disgust for bygone animalism, is more clearly shown in the treatment of their offspring than in the treatment of themselves; seeing that while their disguised asceticism is, in so far as their personal conduct is concerned, kept in check by their appetites, it has full play in legislating for juveniles.

That over-feeding and under-feeding are both bad, is a truism. Of the two, however, the last is the worst. As writes a high authority, "the effects of casual repletion are less prejudicial, and more easily corrected, than those of inanition."* Add to which, that where there has been no injudicious interference, repletion will seldom occur. "Excess is the vice rather of adults than of the young, who are rarely either gourmands or epicures, unless through the fault of those who rear them."† This system of restriction which many parents think so necessary, is based upon very inadequate information, and very erroneous reasoning. There is an over-legislation in the nursery, as well as an over-legislation in the State; and one of the most injurious forms of it is this limitation in the quantity of food.

"But are children to be allowed to surfeit themselves? Shall they be suffered to take their fill of dainties and make themselves ill, as they certainly will do?" As thus put, the question admits of but one reply. But as thus put, it assumes the point at issue. We contend that, as appetite is a good guide to all the lower creation—as it is a good guide to the infant—as it is a good guide to the invalid—as it is a good guide to the differently-placed races of men, and as it is a good guide for every adult who leads a healthful life; it may safely be inferred that it is a good guide for childhood. It would be strange indeed were it here alone untrustworthy.

Probably not a few will read this reply with some impatience; being able, as they think, to cite facts totally at variance with it. It will appear absurd if we deny the relevancy of these facts; and yet the paradox is quite defensible. The truth is, that the instances of excess which such persons have in mind, are usually the *consequences* of the restrictive system they seem to justify. They are the sensual reactions caused by a more or less ascetic regimen. They illustrate on a small scale that commonly remarked fact, that those who during youth have been subject to the most rigorous discipline, are apt afterwards to rush into the wildest extravagances. They are analogous to those frightful phenomena, once not uncommon in convents, where nuns suddenly lapsed from the extremist austerities into an almost demoniac wickedness. They simply exhibit the uncontrollable vehemence of a long-denied desire. Consider the ordinary tastes and the ordinary treatment of children. The love of sweets is conspicuous and almost universal among them. Probably ninety-nine people in a hundred presume that there is nothing more in this than gratification of the palate; and that, in common with other sensual desires, it should be discouraged. The physiologist, however, whose discoveries, lead him to an ever-increasing reverence for the arrangement of things, will suspect that there is something more in this love of sweets than the current hypothesis supposes, and a little inquiry confirms the suspicion. Any work on organic chemistry shows that sugar plays an important part in the vital processes. Both saccharine and fatty matters are eventually oxidized in the body; and there is an accompanying evolution of heat. Sugar is the form to which sundry other compounds have to be reduced before they are available as heat-making food; and this *formation* of sugar is carried on in the body. Not only is starch changed into sugar in the course of digestion, but it has been proved by M. Claude Bernard that the liver is a factory in which other constituents of food are transformed into sugar. Now, when to the fact that children have a marked desire for this valuable heat-food, we join the fact that they have usually a marked dislike to that food which gives out the greatest amount of heat during its oxidation, (namely, fat,) we shall see strong reason for thinking that excess of the one compensates for defect of the other—that the organism demands more sugar because it cannot deal with much fat. Again, children are usually very fond of vegetable acids. Fruits of all kinds are their delight; and, in the absence of anything better, they will devour unripe gooseberries and the sourest of crabs. Now, not only are vegetable acids, in common with mineral ones, very good tonics, and beneficial as such when taken in moderation; but they have, when administered in their natural forms, other advantages. "Ripe fruit," says Dr. Andrew Combe, "is more freely given on the Continent than in this country; and, particularly when the bowels act imperfectly, it is often very useful." See, then, the discord between the instinctive wants of children and their habitual treatment. Here are two dominant desires, which there is good reason to believe express certain needs of the juvenile constitution; and not only are they ignored in the nursery regimen, but there is a general tendency to forbid the gratification of them. Bread and milk in the morning, tea and bread and butter at night, or some dietary equally insipid, is rigidly adhered to; and any ministration to the palate is thought not only needless but wrong. What is the necessary consequence? When, on fete days there is an unlimited access to good things—when a gift of pocket money brings the contents of the confectioner's window within reach, or when by some accident the free run of a fruit garden is obtained; then the long-denied, and therefore intense, desires lead to great excesses. There is an impromptu carnival, caused not only by the release from past restraints, but also by the consciousness that a long Lent will begin on the morrow. And then, when the evils of repletion display themselves, it is argued that children must not be left to the guidance of their appetites! These disastrous results of artificial restrictions, are themselves cited as proving the need for further restrictions! We contend, therefore, that the reasoning commonly used to justify this system of interference is vicious. We contend that, were children allowed daily to partake of these more sapid edibles, for which there is a physiological requirement, they would rarely exceed, as they now mostly do when they have the opportunity: were fruit, as Dr. Combe recommends, "to constitute a part of the regular food," (given, as he advises, not between meals, but along with them), there would be none of that craving which prompts the devouring of such fruits as crabs and sloes. And similarly in other cases.

*Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine.
†Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine.

HOW THE FUCHSIA WAS INTRODUCED INTO ENGLAND.

The Glasgow Herald, in an article in support of the acclimatizing movement, says:—"The fuchsia, which is now in every garden, fifty years ago was as rare and almost as highly valued as the Victoria Regia is at the present day; and the story of this beautiful shrub's introduction into our gardens is so curious, that we cannot refrain from laying it before our readers. Some time in the first quarter of the present century, a gentleman from Liverpool, while walking through a street in Wapping, saw in the window of a humble-looking tenement a graceful little shrub, with dark green leaves and beautifully pendulous carnation blossoms. He was charmed with the new floral gem, and when he returned home to Liverpool called upon a celebrated florist, to whom he described the plant. The curiosity of the florist, who did not know any plant which came up to the description, was so greatly excited that he set off immediately for London. Having found the house by seeing the plant in the window, he entered, and ascertained that its owner was the wife of a sailor, and that her husband had brought the plant from the West Indies, as a love-offering to the young spouse. The delighted florist made overtures for the purchase of the fuchsia, which were at first strenuously refused. After some little time, however, he got possession of the much coveted prize. Having given the sailor's wife a handsome sum of money in hand, and a promise that the first plant raised from it should be sent to her, he started for Liverpool, where, after proper treatment, he soon had the plant exhibited in his show-room, where it instantly attracted the attention of amateurs, and from which, after fulfilling his promise to the sailor's wife at Wapping, he realized, if we remember correctly, not less than £300 sterling the first year the plant was exhibited. Suffice it, however, he was well repaid for his trouble, and had the honor and felicity of being the first to introduce this exceedingly beautiful and now thoroughly acclimatized plant to the parterres and cottage-gardens of the British isles."

☞ It is a good thing to rear a crop which shall net you $500 or $1,000 a year, but it is a better thing to rear a crop of ideas which shall net you moral and mental elevation, which shall fit you for the place we all hold, as part and parcel of this great democratic experiment. Live down with all your heart, and all your mind, and all your soul, that old brutal notion that a farmer must needs be uncouth, and unkempt, and unsocial, and ignorant. There may have been an excuse for it in the old days, but there is none now.

☞ If you cannot have friends without continually cultivating them, the crop may not be worth the trouble.

THE RULING PASSION.

OR, STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH.

BY EDWINA BURBURY,

AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE SACKVILLE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Tho' my soul labors, it can find no reed
For Hope to catch at. Ah! I'm plunging down
Ten thousand thousand fathoms in despair."
—"*The Revenge.*"

Yes, they were gone. Late upon the night of the eventful meeting, even while the midnight chimes were vibrating through the fair moonlit city, the Duke of Carlisle entered his wife's room, where she sat lonely and sad, saying, abruptly,

"How long will your packing take, Beatrice?"

"What packing?" she answered, in a startled voice.

"What packing? Why, boxes, trunks, imperials; all the trumpery you women travel with?"

"Oh, not long! Why?"

"Because if it did, I must trouble you to order your maid to commence at once. We leave here to-morrow?"

"Oh, I hope not! I understood that you had arranged to stay a month at least; and I like the place and people so much, that I should be glad to do so?"

"No doubt?"

"Yes, indeed; do let us remain a while longer. I am so weary of this constant change?"

"The deuce you are! This is the first time I have heard of it. But rest content; we start for home to-morrow, and you will have no change there?"

"For England?"

"Yes. Do you object?"—and he bent his cold, suspicious eyes upon her; but she answered simply,

"I don't know. For some reasons, perhaps I do?"

"And may I take the liberty of asking what they are?"

"Oh, they are not worth troubling you with; they are more fancies than reasons."

"Most likely; still I should like to hear them."

There was a silence. Not that Beatrice had a single thought in her mind that her husband might not have known; but because it is so difficult to put vague feelings and impulses into words. Poor girl, she *felt* an intuitive dread of home—*the Duke's home*—but why, she could not tell; and therefore she was silent, her eyes bent upon the ground, her lord's gaze fixed searchingly upon her.

For full two minutes—a long time, dear reader, short as it may seem—the heavy stillness reigned; then Carlisle said slowly,

"You have not answered my question. What reasons have you for objecting to go home?"

"Oh, none of any consequence,"—and she lifted her sweet face to his. "Pray do not ask them."

"I must, and you must reply?"

"I cannot—indeed I cannot?"

"Ha?"—and his bent brows scowled fiercely, so that the young wife trembled; "and why not, pray?"

"Because," she said—a bright blush, half of anger, half of fear, coming upon her cheek—"I have forgotten them."

"That is a lie, madam, and you know it?" cried the peer, vehemently.

"My lord?"

"Bah?"—and he cast a book, which lay beside him, violently on the floor. "Don't think to fool me with that tone of innocence! I am not blind! Perdition?" he continued, grinding his teeth, savagely, "is there no such thing as truth in women? Are you all hypocrites from your cradles?"

Puzzled, frightened, and indignant, Beatrice rose from her seat, and was about to speak, to ask the cause of this sudden outrage, when the Duke stopped her with a furious oath, saying, as he rushed from the room, and banged the door loudly behind him, "But I might have known it?"

Breathless with terror, the hapless Duchess gazed and listened for a moment; then a sudden light broke upon her; and, dropping her head on her hands, she cried in agony, "Oh, heaven, he is jealous of me again! What shall I do?"

For a while, she stood thus—not weeping, or moaning, but silent—silent as a grave-yard monument; the shame, anguish, and horror, which almost paralyzed her brain and heart, depriving her of the power to speak: but presently, when the terrible truth, which cruel experience had taught her to recognize only too well, stood out again plain and distinct before her, the bitter cry, "Help me, oh, my God?" broke from her lips; and, with a convulsive shudder, the wretched wife sank upon the low couch from which she had risen.

Then by and by came a gentle tap upon the door of the ante-chamber, and Beatrice, lifting her sad face with a weary sigh, knew that she might indulge in reverie no longer, but must once more prepare to play her part before the world—represented in this instance by her keen-eyed, obsequious French maid, whose manner, notwithstanding its excess of deference, always seemed to say, "I know all that is going on, perfectly well; that you have been crying, and why; so don't delude yourself by fancying that I believe these incessant pleas of headache, or that the visits and watchfulness of my lord the Duke are dictated solely by affection."

And yet, although Beatrice knew and felt this, habit so far overcame conviction, that she rose hastily, threw off her jewelled headdress, let down her luxuriant hair, and while she answered, "Come in," feigned to have been occupied all the while with her toilette.

Well, the last duties of the toilette being completed, the perfumed night lamp arranged, and everything that could by any possibility require her service attended to, Therese, unable to make any further excuse for staying, prepared to retire, observing, "Mi ladi knows we start to-morrow?"

"Yes, I believe the Duke intends to do so; you had better, therefore, attend to the packing to-night."

"Impossible! Has mi ladi forgot de Duchesse de Rivoli's ball, on de day after to-morrow?"

"No—but I cannot remain for it."

"But de Duchesse—de cavaliers, who all die to see my ladi at de——"

"Silence, Therese!—you know I do not permit this. Good night! Call me early to-morrow; and if there is time, you shall then take my excuses to the Rivoli Palace. The Duchess will readily pardon me when she knows that I am going home."

A deep, involuntary sigh followed these words; and the maid, who really liked her gentle mistress, and proportionably hated her stern, suspicious lord, returned eagerly to her side, and with such sweet words and caresses as she dared venture upon, strove to rouse Beatrice to rebellion against his mandates; and for an instant—so bewitching are the accents of love from almost any lips—the poor, forlorn, young wife listened hungrily; but ere one-half the girl's rhapsodies were said, her mistress's native rectitude and honor came to her aid, and with a sad smile, although firm voice, she said, "You must not speak thus, Therese. English wives love not hard words against their husbands, even if in their own defence or praise. Do not repeat such things as you have just said, but go now and prepare for our return home."

"Home!—a pretty home, with a jealous tyrant for de master?" murmured the French-women angrily. "Not a man or boy, from sixteen to sixty, that looks on his wife, but he suspects! I only wish I was her for one leetle month! I'd cure him—de horrible English monster?"

Low as this speech was uttered, it was yet distinct enough for Beatrice to hear; but ere she could reprove the presumptuous speaker, the girl had vanished, leaving in her hapless lady's heart the pang of knowing that her husband's injurious doubts of her truth were known even to her servants, and that her misery, and his insulting weakness, were probably topics of conversation among them.

Bitter were the tears of shame and grief, which saturated the young Duchess's pillow that night; and terrible beyond all former times her dread of that future which spread itself out so drearily before her.

Yet sad and sleepless as was the night, Beatrice met her lord the next morning with the same gentle, gracious manner—the same ready obedience and deference to his will and wishes, as had always distinguished her; but which, instead of softening, now seemed only to exasperate him.

A weary journey, therefore, to all parties was that homeward one; and more thankful than words can describe, was poor Beatrice, when at last they reached Paris, and were so far on their route to England.

But here, at the very moment of her rejoicing, one of those strange incidents occurred, such as which, trivial as they seem, the fate of a limetime often turns.

It was mid-day when the travelling carriage of the Duke of Carlisle drew up before the hotel to which they had been directed; and his Grace had bent forward to give instructions to Alphonse, who had sprung to the window of the chariot, when a glimpse of a tall, soldierly form standing at the door of the inn, caused him instantly to draw back with an oath, and bid the postillion drive on.

But ere they could obey him, the gentleman he had seen ran down the steps, and putting his head into the carriage, exclaimed with great fervor, "By my life, this is charming! Who would ever have thought of seeing you here? And you are coming in, too! Capital! Excellent! Let me open the door?"

And before a word of opposition or consent could be spoken, the stranger had pulled open the door, let down the steps, grasped the unoffered hand of the Duke, shaken it affectionately, and a minute after, almost without knowing how, Carlisle and his wife found themselves standing on the pavement.

"Now, my dear fellow?" said the soldier, who was an exceedingly fine handsome man, somewhere about fifteen years younger than the Duke; "you must come up to my rooms at once. They are the best in the house; and so, of course, I shall resign them to you."

"Thanks, Colonel?" answered Carlisle, speaking for the first time, and not in the pleasantest tone; "but that will be quite needless. I have no doubt the Duchess and myself shall find plenty of accommodation, good enough for us, without disturbing you."

"No, that you will not. The house is full to suffocation; none but the worst apartments vacant; and fresh arrivals pouring in every hour. For an old campaigner like me, used to roughing it abroad and at home, it does not matter a straw what sort of a dog-hole I creep into; but with you, it is different. Come up?"

"No, no?" replied the other, moving towards the carriage. "I cannot turn you out of your rooms. We will go on to Meurice's."

A change like a dim shadow, passed over the young man's face; but advancing eagerly, he said, "Impossible—impossible! I cannot allow it! Or, at any rate, if you will do so, come in first; you cannot keep a lady out here in the street. Enter, if only while you make up your mind."

"Very well," answered the peer, "for a minute, then." And giving his arm to his wife, he followed the man whom he called Colonel, into the house.

Here, in a suite of elegantly furnished apartments, the latter paused, and turning to his companions, said carelessly,

"This is the den! I wish it was better, for your sake. Anything does for a wretched bachelor such as I am; but if you can put up with it, it will be better than going further, and, may be, faring as badly."

"Yes, it would do very well, if it was not yours; but I cannot think of inconveniencing you."

"Nonsense! 'Tisn't like the route at two o'clock on a fine, wet, windy morning, with ten miles march before you, and a breakfast of bullet afterwards. If the rooms will do, take them and welcome. I'll have my traps carried up somewhere into the territories above. But now"—and, for a moment, he suffered his cold eyes to rest with admiration upon Beatrice, as, bending low, he lifted his hat most gracefully—"if, as I surmise, this lady is your wife, may I not crave an introduction?"

"Certainly. I thought you knew each other. No? Well, do so now. Beatrice, this is my cousin, Dick Gresham, a good soldier, but—"

"A sad wild fellow," put in the Colonel, laughing. "Well, you must mend me, now you've taking to mending yourself. Is he a promising subject?" he added, turning with his false smile to the Duchess. "In such hands, he ought to be. But mind you never give way to him; for he's totally unfit for absolute power, take my word for it."

"Perhaps so," answered Beatrice, lightly: for, repelled as she was by this man, she was determined to give way to her impressions no more. "And when I find him so, it will be high time to become rebellious. Until then, I am thankful to submit to a power which is created to take better care of me than I could of myself."

A lightning gleam shot from the Duke's dark eyes as he listened. The gay, graceful tone had a heart-accent in it that found its way instantly to his; and more at ease than he had been for weeks, he joined the speakers, and passing his arm round his wife's waist, said,

"Well, Gresham, your attempt to excite rebellion having failed, let us settle about these rooms. Am I to have them?"

"Certainly, if the Duchess approves of them."

"How can I do otherwise? I am both pleased and grateful."

"Very well, then, we'll pitch our tent at once. We shall see you at dinner?"

"Assuredly."

"What a strange person!" said Beatrice, as the door closed after the soldier. "Does he always talk and behave in this way?"

"No; his moods are as changeable as the winds, although his character and principles are the same through all. Do not you like him?"

"I have seen so little of him."

"Well, from what you have seen?"

"He is your cousin and friend."

"You are right as to the first, certainly."

"And the last, too?"

"I don't know. If I have no son, he is heir-at-law to all I leave behind; and no man is ever thoroughly friendly with the successor who is not his own child."

"I suppose so; although I scarcely see why."

"Perhaps not. But beside this, I have other reasons for not being over attached to him."

"I'm glad of it; for since you have said so much, I may acknowledge that I do not like him; and having no good cause for not doing so, it is some satisfaction to my conscience to be able to take refuge behind you."

"You true woman?"

And impelled by a sudden impulse of tenderness, the Duke drew his wife towards him and kissed her fondly; then, after a few minutes spent in lover-like inquiries and caresses, such as he had not bestowed on her for many weeks, he led her to her chamber, and resigning her to the hands of Therese, bade her hasten to rejoin him on his return from his ride.

Light of heart, and unutterably thankful for this unlooked-for improvement in the state of affairs, Beatrice hurried over her toilette, and at dinner time she found courage to ask the question which in most cases is the first travellers do ask upon their arrival in a new place, since it is one upon which their movements so often depend.

"Have you received the English letters, Lionel?"

"Yes," he answered, gruffly; "and there is one from that blockhead Layton, to say that Ashenwold cannot be ready to receive us for another two months, at least; so we must either go to London now, when it's as empty and dull as the catacombs, or stay on the Continent. Confound the dilatory fool?"

"It is very provoking, certainly; but as Ashenwold is not ready, how would it do to go Leigh Abbey for a little while? You would find it very comfortable, though not so fine a place as your own, of course."

An angry scowl and a muttered word, which sounded to Gresham very much like an oath, rose to Carlisle's brow and lips at this innocent proposal, which mortified his pride so much; and then he cried, almost rudely, "Absurd! What put such an outrageous idea as that into your head? No; I do not intend to be indebted to any but my own father and grandfathers for the first shelter I take my wife to in England."

"Well, then, why not stay here? There's always something going on in Paris," said Gresham.

"So there is everywhere, of one sort or other."

"Yes, of one sort or other; but what sort? Here it's sure to be the right sort. I hope you like Paris?" he continued, turning to Beatrice.

"Not very much."

"Oh, no! *Napies* is more to your taste," cried the Duke, with stinging emphasis; and to the soldier's astonishment, the Duchess crimsoned painfully, her soft eyes flashed, and she replied,

"You are right, my lord; it is more to my taste. I have friends there whom I miss here. Still, if it is your will to stay, I am content."

"Perforce," murmured Gresham under his breath, as, with a puzzled air, he glanced from his cousin to his bride, and read in this early disunion between them encouragement for his own villainous plans.

"Very well; pray let us have no more repinings, then. Alphonse"—to the valet, who just entered with a message—"see what rooms there are here besides those of Colonel Gresham's, and engage them for a month. I may leave them to-morrow, but I choose to have the power to remain if I like."

And here the conversation dropped until after dinner, when the kinsmen were alone; and then the younger said,

"What a paragon of submission your wife is, Carlisle?"

"Indeed! How did you find that out?"

"How? why by her giving up her own wishes to yours so readily. It cost her a struggle though, for she evidently dislikes Paris."

"Very probably."

"Then don't stay; take her somewhere else—Vienna—Switzerland—"

"Or Naples."

"Ay, or Naples. Why not, if she prefers it, and she has friends there? It's a confounded dull hole to my taste; but if she likes it, as she plainly does, and loves—"

"Silence?" thundered Carlisle, passionately; striking the table so violently that the glasses rang. "Drop the subject! I won't hear another word. And once for all, my good fellow, if you mean to be friendly with me, don't interefere between me and my wife."

"Not I," answered Gresham, shrugging his shoulders. "Go your own way, by all manner of means. You're well matched; for, for all her gentleness, there's what Shakspeare calls 'a quiet devil' in Lady Carlisle's eyes, which once aroused, might be difficult to lay. You'll have enough to do with one another. Well, here's health and success to you both!" And filling another glass of claret, he drank it with a gay bow and light heart.

A brief silence followed; then when it was getting awkward, Carlisle said,

"You have not told me what brings you over here just now?"

"Oh, the old story?"

"Money?"

"No, the want of it. I am rather deeper in old Levi's books than he likes; and as I have raised every shilling on my prospects that any one will give, and had a civil hint that one or two fellows were inquiring rather anxiously after my health and whereabouts, I ran over here, to see if I couldn't follow your excellent example and pick up a rich wife, whose money bags would release me from all bother. But hang it, the ladies won't fall in love with me, do what I will. How did you manage, Carlisle? Give me your receipt."

The Duke winced: perhaps the recollection of his wooing was not quite so pleasant as it might have been, and the means by which he had won his bride not such as he would choose to publish; at least, so thought the Colonel, who, watching him unseen from beneath his thick brows, felt more and more convinced that some mystery was attached to his cousin's marriage, which it behoved him, for his own interest's sake, to discover. But he betrayed no shadow of suspicion, only went on talking gaily and lightly, plying the peer constantly with the rich wines he loved, until at last, with a dreamy apology which was scarce half uttered, Carlisle threw himself at length upon the couch on which he sat, and fell asleep.

For a little while, Gresham sat and watched his cousin with curling lip and scornful eye; then, as the full consciousness of all that he himself had lost by the sleeper's recent act crowded on his memory, the look of contempt gave place to one of bitter hate, and he muttered, half loud, "And so it has come to this, after all these years of patient waiting, and slavery! Just when the prize seemed within my grasp, and the reward of a life, wasted in pandering to his will and wishes, was almost in my hand, all is lost, and myself cast adrift, by the mad act of an old man's dotage! But it shall not prosper—no child of his shall ever inherit the lands which should be mine; and if this pale-faced, sickly wife brings him one; woe—woe to it, and her! Even already, there is a cloud between them: be it my task to deepen and darken it; and if, by any means, no matter what, I can so manage as to separate them for ever, I shall be safe. *He* will be easily led; but *she*?—there is a look about her I don't quite like. She's no fool, young as she is; but, never mind, keen as she may be, she is no match for a desperate man. Now let me seek her: she is unhappy to night, and will be the more quickly read."

Quietly, then, in pursuance of this plan, the soldier quitted the room, and sought that where Beatrice sat alone.

Evening had come, and beneath the soft light of the shaded lamps, half hidden by the drapery of an alcove, reclined the young Duchess, in a deep, low chair. She had been trying to read, but real grief and anxiety speedily overpowered imaginary ones; and allowing the book to fall from her hands, she was absorbed in so deep a reverie, that when Gresham's voice sounded beside her, she started violently, and almost sprang from her seat.

"Pardon me," he said, in his kindliest tones. "I thought you heard me enter. I had no idea I should alarm you."

"Of course not—it was most absurd; but I had read myself to sleep, I think, and woke in a fright. Is it late? Where is the Duke?"

"Dreaming comfortably, on the sofa."

"Oh!"

"Yes, I fear you must be pretty well accustomed to that now, for I am sorry to see he has resumed his old habits again. I did hope that, now at least, he would abandon what, to a man of his age and temperament, is so dangerous."

And the speaker sighed heavily, while his eyes fixed upon the floor, his head bent forward, and his hands hanging clasped between his knees, gave to his strange speech the appearance of being less premeditated than thoughts involuntarily spoken aloud.

Perplexed and alarmed, Beatrice hesitated a moment to reply, then asked nervously, "To what habits do you allude? I am not aware of any."

Gresham smiled sadly. "You are too generous to betray them; but the caution which it is well to observe with others, is needless with me. Remember that I lived with him for years, and therefore that I *know* everything."

"Indeed! then there is nothing *to* know. What is it? You alarm me dreadfully! If it is anything that I may—that I ought to hear—for pity's sake, Colonel, tell me what habits you allude to as having been resumed by my husband?"

"Drinking."

"To excess?—beyond what a gentleman should? Impossible?"

"True—true as heaven! Have you never observed an uncertainty in his manner—an incoherence—a peculiarity, which you could not account for?"

Beatrice was speechless: *she had observed it!*

"You have! That was the result of the habit—that which makes indulgence in it so terrible to him. It affects his brain."

"What—what! Mad? Oh, powers of heaven, this is too horrible! It cannot—cannot be true?" screamed the poor girl, gazing on Gresham in despair, then dropping her head upon her hands.

"No, not mad—certainly, not mad," said Gresham, soothingly, but in such a tone that, although his words were a denial of the young wife's frightful assertion, his tone confirmed it. "What can I have said to give you such an idea?"

But Beatrice could not, would not speak. She felt that he was lying to her; and although she dreamed not of the base motive which urged him on thus to disgust, terrify, and mislead her, in order to secure his own infamous ends, she knew that he was deceiving her, although she gave him credit for doing so for what he believed to be her own good.

Vain, therefore, (as he intended they should be), were all his explanations, modifications, and apologies; and when, an hour later, the Duke came in, overcome with fatigue and wine—of which last he had this night been partaking very freely—and approaching his wife, would have clasped her in his arms, she started from him with a low cry of misery, and took refuge behind her chair.

With maudlin fondness, and incoherent gestures, the Duke would have followed her; but Gresham, fearful of an explosion, interposed, and drawing his cousin's arm within his own, soon succeeded in leading him from the room.

Thus from this fatal evening a new element of misery was infused into the married life of the Duke and Duchess of Carlisle, while, like an emissary of Satan, the heir-at-law was ever by to widen every breach, magnify every error, and foster every suspicion; encouraging the peer's habits of intemperance in every possible way, exciting his jealousy of Beatrice, and poisoning his mind against her, at the very time he professed to her to be doing his best to restrain him, and leading her on by his vile treachery to do the very things which he knew her husband most disliked; so that by the time they left Paris it would have been difficult to find within that undomestic capital a more estranged and miserable pair.

Once or twice a faint suspicion of the cause of all this gleamed upon Beatrice, and she looked forward, eagerly and hopefully, to the day when their return to England should rid her husband and herself of a companion whom she feared almost as much as she disliked and doubted him: but his parting words on board the packet destroyed the hopes; and when pressing her hand warmly in adieu, he said, "Farewell, for the present, fair cousin; I shall be with you again in a week or two?" the poor girl felt her heart die within her.

Some days—a fortnight, perhaps—after her return from the Continent, Beatrice sat wearily in her boudoir in Park Lane. Town was full, and the Duchess had been receiving visitors all day long; and now, at last, a breathing time had come—a short relaxation for mind and body.

The room in which the young hostess sat was very beautiful. The furniture was of the costliest, and the superb ornaments showed great taste and reckless expenditure; yet the effect of the whole was unpleasing. It want ed life; and you could have seen in a moment, dear reader, had you looked in, that no fond lover or woman's hand had arranged those splendid decorations; or sought, with tender care, to make the room a home.

And the same lifelessness pervaded everything: the very birds rested idly in their gilded cages, the busy fish moved not in their gorgeous crystal globes, and the fair mistress of all—my once gay, blithe-hearted heroine—looked more like some rare statue of suffering, imaged to the life, than the bride and beauty of the season, to whose feet all London flocked.

Nerveless and shrunken were her limbs—white, not fair, her complexion—and round her eyes was a constant aureole of black, which seemed to widen and deepen every day. This evening the ravages of sorrow were even more visible than usual, for the victim was in full dress, and attired in dinner costume for a banquet, from which a sudden accident to the hostess had spared her. Her robe of white moire, trimmed with costly lace, and decorated with blush roses, every dew-drop on which was a brilliant, was a wonder of beauty and art; and yet it only seemed, with the priceless jewels that glittered in her hair, and on her arms, throat, and hands, to make the wretchedness of the wearer more apparent.

Alas! that heart must be sad indeed which can find no way of hiding its misery save by external splendor.

A while before I show her to you thus, dear reader, the Duchess had had a brief and angry interview with her lord, who, annoyed at the loss of a dinner he had particularly wished to attend, had come in to his wife to vent a little of his superfluous passion upon her before departing for his club, where he meant to spend the evening.

It was nothing new—Beatrice was well accustomed to it; but, somehow, this night she could bear it worse; and so, after he was gone, and the house was quiet, she refused Therese's assistance to change her dress, and lay motionless and still in the deepening twilight, until the moon rose over the tree-tops in the Park, and shone down with solemn glory upon the weary watcher.

It was then that, for the first time since her husband's departure, the room-door was opened, and a figure glided noiselessly in, and threw itself upon its knees beside the couch on which the Duchess lay, exclaiming, in low, broken tones, "Beatrice?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LETTER FROM PARIS.

AN IMPOSING CEREMONY—PASSION WEEK—PROUD HUMILITY—ACRES OF EATABLES—A WORD ABOUT BEES.

PARIS, April 5, 1861.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

The remains of "the Little Corporal" are laid to rest at last. On the 3d inst. took place the ceremony of removing the coffin from the chapel, where it has been kept during the preparation of the crypt or sarcophagus designed for it, and where the body of the modern Alexander now reposes. The Emperor, Empress, little Prince, and the members of the Imperial family occupied a raised platform beside the crypt; the rest of the Church of the Invalides being filled with members of the Government and the army, and the few private individuals invited. The pensioners of the Invalides, and the Cent Gardes were on duty, in and about the Church. The Archbishop of Paris, with the clergy of the Invalides officiated, and the coffin, drawn across the Church to the dome on a small car, was lowered by machinery into the luxurious sarcophagus of red porphyry, under whose massive lid it will remain as long as the present dynasty occupies the throne of France. The ceremony was very simple, but all the accessories were as magnificent as French decorators could make them. After its termination, the Emperor reviewed the old soldiers of his uncle's time, and gave the Cross of the Legion of Honor to several among them.

Good Friday and Easter Sunday are the most important religious high-tides of the Roman Catholic year, and Paris has consequently been "up to its eyes" in the business of church-going for a week past. The great ecclesiastical festival begins with Palm Sunday, and well maintains itself, with slightly-varying intensity, until Good Friday, when the penitentialities go down to the lowest point of fervent depression; passing up through the services of the next day, to the culminating glories of Easter Sunday rejoicings. On Palm Sunday immense quantities of box, with fresh green leaves, forming a very lucrative crop for the gardeners of the region, are blessed in the churches, and made precious to believers with sprinklings of holy water, and distributed to the people, who carry them home to mount guard over crucifixes and holy-water shells, at the head of beds, and over the mantel-pieces of bedrooms. Every omnibus comes out very strong with boughs of consecrated box; in general each horse has from two to three boughs stuck about his head, box adorns the corners of the lumbering vehicle, and is displayed in the hats of driver and conductor. Nearly all the women, of whatever rank, are to be seen carrying home boughs of the plant, and every child has a sprig in hat and another in hand. *Ouvriers* in blouses also patronize it to a considerable extent. If they happen to be tipsy, their efforts to get a bough into their button-hole are often equally persevering and unsuccessful. You rarely see a well-dressed, intelligent-looking man in possession of the precious twigs; but all who possess mothers, sisters, or daughters may count on having a bit put up over their bed, to do duty in keeping away evil spirits until next year.

All through Passion week, fish, eggs, salads, milk, everything but meat, are at a premium, and most luxurious these Lenten dinners often are. But very strict Catholics fast through the whole of Good Friday, though the laxer ones merely abstain from flesh. The churches offer an almost uninterrupted succession of services through the week, all designed with special reference to the associations of the time. Of these services, washing of beggars' feet by the priest is, perhaps, the most curious as a spectacle; and the *Stabat*, with the magnificent music which so many of the greatest composers have consecrated to that particular portion of the Romish ritual, the most interesting. The persons chosen for the honor of having their feet washed in basins of gold or silver, according to the wealth of the church in which the ceremony is performed, always have their feet well washed before the service. The officiating priest, preceded by neophytes, carrying a ewer of water and a basin, and followed by others carrying fine damask towels, approaches the row of favored poor, who sit in the chancel, and kneels down before the first of them. One of the attendants then kneels also, and holds the basin under the man's foot, while another takes off his shoe and stocking, and a third pours a little water on his naked foot. The priest rubs the wetted spot with his fingers, and kisses (or seems to kiss) it; after which another attendant wipes the foot, and the shoe and stocking are put on again. The same ceremony is gone through with in the case of the whole dozen, who represent the Apostles having their feet washed by their master. When the affair is concluded, a loaf of bread and a piece of silver money is given to the owner of each of the washed feet.

Oddly enough, the Annual Ham Fair is held during Passion week, and the Annual Gingerbread Fair begins on Easter Sunday, being regarded by the Parisians as integral portions of the celebration of the season. The Boulevard Bourdon, near the Barrier du Trone, is the scene of these curious displays. The first comprehends every species of cured pork, hams, sausages, and the dozen other

preparations of a similar character so much in vogue here. The booths are decked with ribbons, tinsel, artificial flowers, and other ornamental devices; and are kept by people from all parts of France, and even from England, Germany, and Belgium.

The Gingerbread Fair is a much prettier sight than its predecessor; and is attended not only by shopkeepers anxious to lay in their usual stock, but by crowds of lookers-on, all of whom carry off the immense gingerbread dolls and soldiers so popular among the children, the great square cakes, stuck round with almonds and candied citron, called "parting stones," or the delicate *nonettes* and *chanchiques* of Dijon, Reims, and other favorite localities, which constitute the *ne plus ultra* of the genus Gingerbread. Nothing sold under this name, however, at all resembles what is known in England or America by that designation, the better sorts being very superior to anything produced in those countries. The Gingerbread Fair is the rendezvous of all the less elegant Parisians, and all the amusements incident to French *fetes* are provided in abundance. There are "singing-coffees," booths for dancing and drinking, fat girls, learned pigs, fortune-tellers, photographers, itinerant theatres, a score of games, shooting or other—in which you almost always lose five maccaroons, a cup, or a live owl that has evidently grown old in the capacity of a prize—swings and hobby-horses of every imaginable variety, and bands of "music" outbraying one another in the attempt to seduce you into entering the rival establishments to which they are attached.

French gingerbread, or spice-bread, as it is called here, contains neither ginger nor any other kind of spice. Its main ingredients are flour and honey, and it is flavored with anise-seed and other aromatic essences. The bees have perished in such numbers this winter all over Europe that honey will probably be scarce for some time to come, and the price of "spice-bread" will, no doubt rise in consequence. The keeping of bees is generally so easy, so little costly, and at the same time so profitable, that one wonders it is not more generally resorted to.

It is probable that very few of the light-hearted crowds now flocking to the Gingerbread Fair will give a thought to the wonderful little insects which have provided the principal ingredient of the preparations—excellent or otherwise, according to their price—so much in vogue here among all classes. Yet there is not in the whole range of natural history a more marvellous or more interesting subject of investigation than the structure and habits of the bee. For instance, it has been well remarked that men never knew what the eyes of bees really were until the greatly-improved microscope of modern days gave him another eye with which to examine the visual organs of those wonderful little creatures. A bee has two compound eyes, and between these three simple ones, disposed in a triangle between the two compound ones. These latter, especially in the drones, are among the most exquisitely constructed mechanisms ever turned out by Nature. One of the leaves of chaff that surround a grain of wheat may represent their appearance, but the piece of chaff shows only a uniform glazed surface, while in the eye of the bee, much darker in color, but similarly glazed, the brightness arises from about 3,500 small but perfectly hexagonal lenses, fitting closely together, and disposed in regular rows over the whole circumference. This structure, then, may be likened to a bundle of 3,500 telescopes, so grouped that the large terminal lenses present an extensive convex surface, whilst, in consequence of the decreasing diameter of the instrument, their narrow ends meet and form a smaller concentric curve. Could we look through all these telescopes at one glance and obtain a stereoscopic effect, we might be able to form some conception of the operation of vision in this insect. Each of these 3,500 lenses would take a long time to examine. Each of the eyelets, which, when aggregated, constitute the compound eye of the bee, is itself a perfect instrument of vision, consisting of two remarkably formed lenses—an outer *corneal* lens and an inner *conical* lens. The corneal lens is a six-sided prism, and the assemblage of these prisms forms the cornea of the compound eye. If the whole or a portion of this cornea be peeled off and placed under a microscope, the beautiful grouping of the lenses becomes distinctly visible. On a close and careful examination, the corneal lens of the eyelet is perceived to be not a simple, but a compound lens, composed of two plano-convex lenses of different densities or refracting powers. The plane surface of these lenses being adherent, it follows that the prismatic corneal lens is a compound double convex lens, the effect of which arrangement is that, if there should be any aberration or divergence of the rays of light during their passage through one portion of the lens, it is rectified in its transit through the other. Lenses of different densities have been found in the eyes of other animals, but in no other eyes than those of the bees has there been found a compound lens consisting of two adherent lenses of this description.

Yet the wonder does not end here. Man has been unconsciously groping his way in the formation of his most perfect microscopic lens to an imitation of the bee's eye. His aim has been to correct the aberration of light, which caused his lenses to color and distort the objects under investigation; and he attained this end by employing compound lenses of varying densities. When, after long study, he obtained an achromatic lens, he had but equalled the little bee; and, most curiously, it was only by the use of his own achromatic lens that he first distinctly perceived that of the bee. The little insect had been using it, probably, for thousands or even millions of years before man first trod the earth. It is by means of its wonderful lenses and numerous facets that the bee's eye gains light in the dim cups of the flowers. Into those floral hollows it carries, as it were, thousands of light-collectors and reflectors, capable of forming a single picture by means of a great number of smaller images. Into the dark hive it bears the same optical apparatus, and thereby economizes every particle of straggling or slanting light. If bees, as it is alleged, always work in the dark, has not each one of them three or four thousand illuminators? And if we reflect upon the many thousands of these, all in optical operation throughout the hive, how can it be said that these creatures work in the dark?

As the bees' eye contains the model of the instrument which opticians have been so long in perfecting, so has the polity of the hive foreshadowed the arrangements which civil and social institutions have been approximating since society first tended to organize itself among men. The bees arrive at their social polity at once, each being born to its own duty and order; whereas, men only grow by slow degrees into the order of humanity and the will and intelligence of labor. The result of man's long history is the ready-made policy of the bee. In the history of the human race we see order evolved by successive and often-failing efforts. As we look back through the twilight of the past, we dimly discern the gradual birth of industry, the first efforts of the tillers of the soil, their patient but unlearned sowings and reapings, the laborious attempts of artisans, the rude dwellings, hardly-won provisions and coarse tissues, the feats of mighty hunters and warriors, cities built, attacked, defended, and destroyed. Luxury relaxes, want debases, virtue fights against various temptations, weak, ill-balanced natures yield and sink into various crimes. Drones appear, as well as workers, the industrious and the idle living together. At a later period, law, government, citizenship are evolved by long efforts; an ideal of willing workers and wise rule is seen, but far off, and as of possible attainment in some future age. Meantime, excess of population compels the older hives to send forth swarms of emigrants, who fly away to found new homes, and make honey out of foreign flowers. But the bees reached the ideal of bee-life before the first man walked the earth of which he was called to be the head, the delegated providence, and vicegerent of its humbler though older children, the custodian and steward of its treasures, the common property of all the races that people it in their several spheres. No bee was ever born deficient in bee-lore; nor has the transmission of that lore through the long line of bee-generations, added one whit to the stock of bee-knowledge in our own day. The bees of to-day are what they were in the beginning; their stock of knowledge is neither less nor more. In a complete community there is a *queen*, the mother and monarch of the hive, a perfectly developed female, from 600 to 800 drones or males, and from 15,000 to 30,000 workers, or partially-developed females. The office of the queen is to lay all the eggs that are to be hatched in the hive, and she does nothing but add to its numbers. Yet is she the constitutional head of the entire community, and should she be accidentally or designedly removed, one of the royal larvæ is raised to the throne, apparently without any intermediate regency, or any thought, on the part of drone or working-bee, of seizing on the royal function. If no royal bee happens to be in process of formation, the constitutional adherents of bee-royalty immediately proceed to transmute a larva of the working-order into a queen. This most astonishing feat they effect by proceeding to a cell containing an unhatched worker-egg, or, sometimes, a larva three days old—the time when, under ordinary circumstances, its food would be changed—and they at once alter the conditions of existence for this egg or larva, so as to convert it into a queen. This they effect by enlarging the worker-cell at the cost of several surrounding ones, whose inmates they slaughter without mercy; and then, by the union of horizontal cells previously destroyed, they form a single vertical cell for the future monarch, feed it upon royal paste, and treat it in all respects as the heiress to the throne, which she ascends in due time, amidst, no doubt, the acclaiming hum of the whole hive.

The queen, whose whole business seems to consist in laying eggs, is accompanied on her progress from cell to cell by from four to twelve workers, who provide her with honey, and watch all her movements, taking care that she lays only one egg in each cell. Should she lay more than one, they carry off the superfluous eggs, laying them, one by one, in other cells. She usually lays about six eggs in succession, rests, and begins again, depositing about 200 in one day. The total number laid by a queen in one season is estimated at from 50,000 to 100,000 eggs. About the month of May, when her majesty has already deposited from 10,000 to 11,000 worker and drone eggs, the workers construct six royal cells, and the queen at once deposits within them the necessary eggs.

The term of sixteen days expired, a movement within a royal cell intimates to its guardians that a new monarch is about to make her appearance. The intelligence spreads swiftly throughout the hive, and the community crowds about the cell to welcome the royal stranger. The queen-mother also approaches, with her body-guards, but, alas! she comes, not to salute her daughter, but to kill her. Her murderous purpose is foiled by the attendants, who cover the entrance of the cell with their wings, and, if necessary, block it up with wax until the old queen retires, feeding the young one with honey during her sequestration.

The old queen, thus baffled, and conscious that one hive cannot hold two sovereigns, wanders about her queendom in great excitement, ceases to lay eggs, and very soon prepares for flight. She quits the hive without further parley, accompanied, if the hive be a full one, by about 1,000 drones, who lead the exodus, and 10,000 workers. They are possessed by a spirit of emigration; the human beings who are watching them, and know that they are about to swarm, are ready with an empty hive, fragrant with the juices of odorous leaves, and the migratory insects lose no time in taking possession of the America or Australia thus offered to their acceptance. No sooner have the colonists entered their new home, than they seem to lose all thought of the old one. They proceed at once to build the cells, and honey and eggs are deposited in them with all the celerity and regularity of a skillfully-executed mechanical process.

Sometimes two new queens make their exit from the royal cells at the same time. This seems to overawe the old queen, who is diverted from her purposes of infanticide, and takes flight forthwith, accompanied by her attendant swarm. The remaining bees divide into two parties, which respectively muster round the two new queens, who, as two queens cannot live in the same hive, prepare for single combat, the bottom of the hive being the scene of the duel.

The assembled bees passively watch the fight with their forelegs drawn under their body; while the two rival sovereigns advance and fall on each other with ungovernable fury. They seize each other with their jaws, by the neck, head, and legs; by rapid vibrations of the wings they seek to confound each other. They butt their heads together, grasping each other by the legs, and seeking to every cunning dodge to sting one another. Unsheathing their swordlike stings, they strive to reach the vulnerable parts between the rings of the body, at the neck, or the constricted part that connects the chest and abdomen. No bee stirs a leg; quietly watching the conflict until the fatal thrust causes one of the combatants to stagger, shrink back, and fall, and, after one or two convulsive throbs, to close her eyes forever—those wonderful eyes, which, in the case of the vanquished pretender to the crown of Beedom, have looked on nothing but the incidents of the fatal fray which has put an end to her career at its commencement! The oral apparatus, the legs, and the wings of bees, are quite as curious as their eyes; so also is their sting, with its barbed and poisoned lance.

QUANTUM.

THE AMERICAN DIFFICULTY AT ROME.

Correspondence of the London Times.

ROME, April 6.—On Tuesday night, in the Piazza del Popolo, a vast throng assembled to witness the grand annual display of fireworks, the main feature of which on this occasion were a brilliant representation of a chapel or sanctuary placed on the summit of the Pincian Hill, and a very beautiful illumination of the hill side and garden by red fire. The crowd was great, but it, was perfectly well behaved, and there was no rushing or pressure. French soldiers—not on duty, but attracted by the pyrotechnic display—formed a large proportion of the multitude. Nothing occurred that could be construed into a political demonstration. The only extraordinary incident of the evening was one in which the United States Minister, Mr. Stockton, played the most important part. Without the least fault on his part, that gentleman came into collision with the Papal Dragoons, who got by no means the best of it. Mr. Stockton, it appears, drove down the Corso from his residence in that street to the Piazza del Popolo, where a stand had been erected for the accommodation of the Neapolitan royal family, the diplomatic corps, and other persons of distinction.

On reaching the entrance to the Piazza, he was informed he could not pass that way. He presented the ticket with which foreign Ministers are furnished to secure them free passage on all occasions, but it did not produce the desired effect, and he was required to go round by the Babuino street. This he did, but with no better result; again his coachman was checked, and told he could not pass that way. I am not sure whether he was told that the only remaining route to the Piazza, the Via Ripetta; but at last his patience was not unnaturally exhausted, and he insisted on his right to pass, and ordered his servants to drive on. Thereupon there was much confusion among the Papal Gendarmes and troops on duty, and three Pontificial Dragoons pranced about his carriage, or, as it has been described, charged down upon it—brandishing naked swords and displaying, as the Portugese say, "ferocious faces to the enemy." The misguided cavalry of the Tiara and Keys were unprepared for the extent of Yankee resources. The undaunted representative of the model republic drew from his pocket a repeater (a pistol, not a watch,) and, levelling it at the Dragoons, pledged himself to give them its contents if they further opposed him. The sight of the shooting-iron, and the fire in the nerves of the Pope's cavalry, who rode rapidly from the spot, leaving the stars and stripes triumphant along the whole line. I am happy to say that the victorious force did not abuse its success, or even pursue the routed foe, but contented itself with repairing to its allotted place and tranquilly contemplating the blazing sanctuary on the Pincio. But, upon the following day, Mr. Stockton called upon Monsignor Antonelli, and insisted on his once issuing an order to prevent the possibility of the recurrence of such misbehavior on the part of the Papal soldiers to a foreign Minister. The Minister of Arms, who loves not the Americans, refused to demur, but he was told most positively that either he should give the order or the American Minister would apply for his passports. Thus urged and threatened, De Merode ate the leek, the order was drawn up, a copy of it was supplied to Mr. Stockton, and so the matter ended.

MR. LINCOLN AND THE BALTIMOREANS.—A gentleman from Washington reports the following as the language of Mr. Lincoln to the Baltimore Committee:—

"GENTLEMEN:—You have come here to ask for peace on any terms.(?) Such a desire, on such terms, is not like the course of Washington or Jackson. They, the Rebels, attacked Fort Sumter, and you attack the troops sent to the Federal Government for the protection of the same, and for the defence of the lives and property of the inhabitants of this city. My intention was never to attack Maryland, but to have these troops, as I said before, for the protection of Washington.

"Now gentlemen, go home and tell your people that if they will not attack us, we will not attack them; but if they do attack us, we will return it, and that severely.

"Those troops must come to Washington, and that through Maryland. They can neither go under it, nor can they fly over it, and they shall come through it."

FROM MONTGOMERY.—Montgomery, April 19th.—The Treasury Department has received satisfactory intelligence of the taking of eight millions of the loan, and the rural districts to be heard from. Two hundred thousand dollars were taken in Mobile, of which $400 were taken by two negroes belonging to Col. Hardaway and Col. Bibb.

The defences of the coasts of Louisiana and Texas were the particular subject of consideration of the Cabinet this morning.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

The general character of the advices up to Saturday last may be stated as follows:—The New York Seventh and other New York and Massachusetts regiments had arrived in Washington on Thursday—being 3,000 men; and probably 6,000 more troops arrived there on Friday. We should judge that there are now about 15,000 troops in Washington, including at least 3,000 regulars, composed of infantry, cavalry, and flying artillery. General Scott is reported to have said that the capital was perfectly safe, and such is believed to be the fact.

The route by railroad to Perryville, (opposite Havre de Grace,) thence by water to Annapolis, and thence by railroad to Washington, is now open. It is guarded by pickets and detachments of troops; and the people along the route, to whom it gives a free market, and plenty of gold dollars, are disposed to be friendly.

The feeling in Baltimore since the small secession vote, and as the prospect grows more palpable of a terrible contest in that city, seems to be changing. Mr. Seward in his recent respectful letter to Governor Hicks, is far behind the general feeling of the North. The feeling is very bitter against Baltimore for the attack upon the troops, especially upon the unarmed Pennsylvanians. There is scarcely a doubt that the large mass of troops now gathering in the North will go through Baltimore, if it is in the power of their artillery to open the way. If the Maryland Legislature resolves either upon secession or armed neutrality, upon Maryland undoubtedly will fall the first heavy brunt of the war; and whatever may be the ultimate termination of such a struggle, it will leave Maryland, the battle ground, a ruin.

Troops from the Confederate States are said to be concentrating at Richmond. It is alleged that 20,000 troops will soon be concentrated at Richmond, as well as large bodies at Norfolk and Harper's Ferry. Alex. H. Stephens in a speech at Richmond, and other places, alluded to an attempt to capture Washington.

The flying artillery which left New York a short time before the attack on Fort Sumter, has arrived at Fort Pickens, and will be used on the island, or perhaps in inland operations.

It is reported that three of the leading citizens of New York recently passed through this city, on their way to Washington, who were formally authorized to tender to Mr. Lincoln, on behalf of the States of New York and Massachusetts, seventy-five thousand men and thirty million dollars to aid him, one account says, in at once opening a clear and unbroken communication with the capital in a direct route through the State of Maryland and the city of Baltimore, or, as another account says, in order that the war may be prosecuted with the utmost vigor, and with a view to speedy and overwhelming results.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Senator Wilson has been commissioned by the Government to obtain large guns for the defence of Annapolis, and also bears a request to Gov. Andrew for two additional regiments of troops.

Forty rifled cannon, contracted for by Massachusetts some time since, are expected to arrive in a few days at Boston.

NEW YORK.

The steamer Mount Vernon has been chartered, and will be fitted up as a gun boat. The steamer Roanoke has steam up, and is prepared to carry 1,500 men.

The steamer Keystone State has arrived from Washington with forty or fifty bags of mail matter for the East and West, and the despatches and instructions for Mr. Adams, the newly appointed Minister to England. The whole was under the charge of General Twitchell, of Boston. Col. Bonneville, of the U. S. Army, was a passenger.

The Keystone State was well armed to resist any attack, but no attempt was made to molest her during her run down the Potomac.

Governor Morgan has issued a proclamation calling for additional volunteers. Twenty-one regiments in all are to be accepted, making the present full complement of the State—thirty thousand men.

ALBANY, April 26.—Five thousand stand of arms were received from Springfield, and forwarded to Elmira depot.

One hundred and ninety-four companies were enrolled on Saturday, including the German Turners, Col. Frank Segel, an officer of experience in Europe.

Lieut. Bayard, Instructor of Infantry Tactics at West Point, has been tendered the Majorship of Col. Townsend's regiment, and will accept, if he can obtain leave.

Col. Delafield, Ex-Superintendent of West Point, is serving in the Governor's staff.

In addition to the 10,000 troops who have been sent to Washington through New York (*as per rolls,*) there are now in quarters in and around that city 15,000 more ready for service, besides the regiment still in process of organization.

The Cincinnati Enquirer says a letter was received in that city, last Saturday, from a member of the Cabinet, which stated that an agent was some time since dispatched to Europe, by the Government, to purchase 500,000 stand of arms, and that these arms would soon begin to arrive by steamers. We believe this is true in substance, but exaggerated as to the number of arms ordered.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

VIRGINIA.

Governor Letcher has issued a proclamation prohibiting the exportation of flour, provisions, &c., from Virginia to the Northern cities.

GOSPORT NAVY YARD.—The following is a list of the vessels of war destroyed, when and where built, tonnage, and rate of guns:

Names.	When and where built.	Ton'ge.	Guns.
Pennsylvania,	Philadelphia, 1837,	3,241	120
Columbus,	Washington, 1819,	2,480	80
Delaware,	Gosport, 1820,	2,638	80
New York,	On the stocks,	2,683	84
United States,	Philadelphia, 1797,	1,607	50
Columbia,	Norfolk, 1836,	1,726	50
Raritan,	Philadelphia, 1843,	1,726	50
Merrimac,	Charlestown, 1855,	3,200	40
Plymouth,	Charleston, 1843,	989	22
Germantown,	Philadelphia, 1846,	989	22
Dolphin,	Brooklyn, N. Y., 1836,	224	4
Total,		21,398	602

WESTERN VIRGINIA.—Wheeling, April 25.—The Bell and Everett convention of this Congressional district met in this city to-day, and accepted the nomine of the Douglas Democracy, W. G. Brown, of Preston county, as their candidate for Congress.

Resolutions were adopted approving of the Harrison county resolutions, which condemn the course of Eastern Virginia, and recommends all the northwestern counties to send delegates to the convention to be held in Wheeling on the 13th of May.

Many strong Union speeches were made, and everything was transacted with perfect unanimity. The prevalent opinion here is that there will be a division of the State.

Alexander H. Stephens is in Richmond. Intelligence from Norfolk reports the rapid concentration of the Virginia forces at that point. Several companies from Georgia had also arrived there. The whole number assembled is reported at 7,000. A section of an ordinance passed by the Virginia convention is published in the Richmond papers. It authorizes the Governor to "call into the service of the State as many volunteers as may be necessary to repel invasion and protect the citizens of the State in the present emergency." The City Councils of Norfolk have resolved to issue small notes to an amount not exceeding $50,000, in sums of $2, $1, and 50 cents, carrying interest.

THE number the Virginians at Harper's Ferry is now said to have been about 1,000 to 1,500, about half of whom were armed.

It is reported that the troops at Harper's Ferry have been ordered to another point, and it is supposed will move to a position near the capital.

A gentleman who came up through North Carolina last Monday, assures us that Gen. Beauregard travelled on the same train with him. There can be no rational doubt that Gen. B. is now in Virginia.

A confidential agent reports on the 26th, 2,400 men at Harper's Ferry, and 1,000 marched to Alexandria on Thursday. The officers at Harper's Ferry believe that Gen. Beauregard is at Richmond with 7,000 troops.

Gen. Harney on his way to Washington, was captured by the Virginia troops at Harper's Ferry.

The Virginia ordinance unites the State with the Southern Confederacy, under the control of Jeff. Davis—said ordinance to cease its operation if the popular vote should decide against secession

THERE is good reason for believing that the whole number of Virginia troops at Harper's Ferry was not 1,000, and the number at Richmond not over 3,000, and these only partially uniformed, and about half armed. The 7,000 guns taken at Norfolk are mostly "old sogers," like those stuck about the wharves as posts in the Northern cities; very dangerous, to the users.

WASHINGTON.

Arrangements are completed by which, in case of need, the Capitol and other buildings, and the White House can be blown up. The details were completed on Wednesday afternoon.

Gen. Scott occupies Georgetown Heights, and they control Arlington Heights.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday April 24.—A deputation of sixteen Virginians and eight Marylanders visited the President on Monday, and demanded a cessation of hostilities until after the session of Congress. Mr. Lincoln, of course, declined the proposition. One of the deputation said that 75,000 Marylanders would contest the passage of troops over her soil, to which the President replied that he presumed that there was room enough on her soil to bury 75,000 men.

MARYLAND.

BALTIMORE.—In Baltimore flour has risen to $16 per barrel; the same per ton for coal. Orders has been issued by the authorities forbidding any provisions to leave the city, but have been revoked.

PERRYVILLE, April 26.—The most indisputable evidences have been received to night of a powerful reaction of public sentiment in Baltimore. A gentleman, whose veracity cannot be questioned, states that, before he left this morning, he was gratified to see the Stars and Stripes flying over the Minute Men's headquarters and on Butcher's Hill. The silence of the Union men seems to have been more powerful than clamor would have been, and the rabid Secessionists have defeated their own purposes. There is a great feeling among the business men for the re-establishment of trade, and their silent conservatism is gradually changing to open Unionism. There is no doubt as to this state of affairs.

ANNAPOLIS.—A correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, writing from Annapolis, under date of Tuesday, (last week,) says:—I have just time to announce the arrival of the fleet off the harbor. It consists of the steamers Baltic, Contreacoleos, Columbia, R. R. Cuyler, J. S. Schriver, Ariel, Harriet Lane, Boston, Maryland, and the tug from Havre de Grace. They bring 8,000 troops from New York and Pennsylvania. They are now basking at the Naval Academy. The Massachusetts and New York regiments, which landed on Monday, marched for Washington this morning.

An incident showing the mechanical resources of man among the forces is related in connection with the seizure of the Annapolis Railroad depot. The locomotive was found to be so deranged as to be useless. A call was immediately made on the troops for machinists, an engineer, and fireman, when a score or more of these professions stepped forward from the ranks and proceeded to the depot. One of the machinists, on looking at the locomotive, claimed it as an old acquaintance, he having been foreman of the shop in which it was constructed. Of course, it was soon put in running order for the conveyance of baggage to the Junction.

THE POTOMAC.—The steamer Keystone State, escorted by the Pawnee, passed up the Potomac without molestation, and reached Washington on Wednesday night, and landed 250 marines and sailors. They left the same night. No attempt was made to interrupt their progress.

Gov. Hicks, of Maryland, sent his message to the Legislature of that State on Saturday last. After relating in detail the troubles which have thus far occurred, he recommends to Maryland a neutral position, neither for the North or the South, and he says that he cannot recommend that the State should array itself against the Federal Government, unless an overt act should commit such outrages as shall justify resistance.

The Senate has adopted an address to the people of Maryland, stating that the Legislature will not pass an act of secession, but if they will give the people desire it they will give them an opportunity of declaring for themselves their future destiny. The House has not acted on this, but has appointed a committee to report an act for the call of a Convention of the people, of which Mr. Scott, of Baltimore, is chairman.

ELKTON, April 27.—The Cecil Guards, numbering seventy-five men, have declared for the Union. They have refused to obey General Tilgman's revolutionary orders. The Stars and Stripes were raised at the Court House, at this place to-day, amid immense cheering.

MISSOURI.

ST. LOUIS, April 26.—Twenty-one thousand stands of arms, with ammunition, were sent from the United States Arsenal in this city last night to Alton, whence they are to be forwarded to Springfield to arm the Illinois troops.

Volunteers continue to enter the arsenal under the President's proclamation. There are now about 3,000 troops there undergoing vigorous drilling.

Several companies of the State militia are recruiting, and a strict guard is kept over their armories every night.

Gov. Jackson, of Missouri, is said to be in favor of pursuing a peace policy, retaining the present status of the State, leaving it to time and circumstances, as they may arise, to determine the best course for Missouri to pursue.

KENTUCKY.

LOUISVILLE, April 25.—A detachment of Col. Duncan's regiment, nearly 400 strong, under Capt. Desha, left by the Nashville Railroad cars this afternoon for the Southern Confederacy.

LOUISVILLE, April 26.—The troops which left here yesterday for the Southern Confederacy went unarmed, and against the advice of Gov. Magoffin. The report that arms belonging to this State were sent forward for their use is denied by the highest official authority.

The municipal authorities have returned from the conference held yesterday with the citizens of Madison and Cincinnati, and express confidence that amicable relations will be preserved between the three cities during the present unfortunate political excitement.

A proposition has been made by the Governor of Kentucky to the Governor of Ohio, that the Governors of the Border States propose to the United States Government to become arbitrators between the contending parties in the present difficulties.

DELAWARE.

Gov. Burton's proclamation says he has no authority to comply with the President's requisition, but recommends the formation of volunteer companies, which will "when formed, be under the control of the state authorities, though not subject to be ordered by the Executive into the United States' service, the law not vesting in him such authority. They will, however, have the option of offering their services to the General Government, for the defence of its Capital and the support of the Constitution and laws of the country."

TEXAS.

The Mexican Congress was to meet on the 21st, and Juarez would doubtless be declared President.

The advices from Houston, TEXAS, say that the 400 troops encamped near Indianola have been compelled to take to the Islands, and fortify themselves, are awaiting the arrival of 600 others.

Judge Hays, with a party of Texas troops and two pieces of artillery, were fortifying themselves with cotton bales and sand bags, on Dog Island, and expected to be attacked by the Federal forces.

A letter from Brownsville says that news had that day been received that Cortinas, with 600 Mexicans, had crossed the Rio Grande at Roma and laid that town in ashes, killing 18 Americans. Two companies stationed at Ringgold barracks had started in pursuit.

ILLINOIS.

SEIZURE OF POWDER AND CONTRABAND GOODS—PROJECTED ATTACK ON CAIRO.—CAIRO, ILL., April 23.—The steamer G. T. Hillman, from St. Louis, bound to Nashville, Tenn., was abandoned by the officers and crew when opposite this place. The deserted steamer was boarded by Capt. Scott, in the steamer Swallow, and found on board 1,000 kegs of powder and a large quantity of other contraband goods. It is supposed that the captain and crew of the Hillman deserted her for fear of the consequences if caught by the troops at this point.

Passengers from the South report that troops are being raised at Memphis, Randolph, and other Southern points, with the plan of proceeding, by rail, to Columbus, Ky., and from there by march to Cairo and attack it from the opposite side of the river. The steamer J. D. Perry, from St. Louis, was brought to last night, but no contraband goods being found on board, she was allowed to proceed.

TENNESSEE.

NASHVILLE, April 25.—The State Legislature has convened in secret session. The reporters have been excluded, and the contents of the Governor's Message is unknown.

The Nashville papers contain a speech made by John Bell on the 23d, advocating a strong military league of all the Southern States against a common invading foe.

GOVERNOR CURTIN'S MESSAGE.

HARRISBURG, April 28.—The Governor's message to the Legislature will recommend the passage of a navy law.

The declaratory portion of the message will say that Pennsylvania will open a route, leading from the North to Washington, it being essential to trade and transit. Whether Maryland says so in the form or goes out of it, no hostile soil will be permitted to lie between the national capital and the States loyal to the Union. Rebellion must be crushed, and the nation restored to its integrity. The national property seized by the rebels must be retaken and possessed at every expense of treasure and blood. An appropriation of not less than three millions of dollars, perhaps five, will be recommended.

A requisition from the General Government was received to-day for twenty one more regiments—twenty infantry and one cavalry—making a total for Pennsylvania of thirty-eight regiments—29,500.

Applications for filling all this contingent have been already filed at the Adjutant General's office, save for four regiments.

The Governor will also recommend that ten thousand militia, now partially equipped, drilled and armed, beyond the present requisition of the General Government, in order to form a reserve to march to any point that may be required, and to fill up losses occasioned by battle or disease. Thus Pennsylvania will have 40,000 men altogether in the field.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT, IF TRUE.

GREAT BRITAIN AND FRANCE JOINING WITH THE UNITED STATES.

The *Philada. Press,* of Monday, contains the following:—

WASHINGTON, April 26, 1861.

It is stated, by the best authority, that Lord Lyons, the British Minister, sent a special messenger to obtain the latest news at New York until full despatches could be forwarded by him to the Home Government.—Lord Lyons is advised, I understand, to prefer to the United States Government, for the protection of the State, the collection, arms and ammunition, and troops from England and Canada. By the Persia he sent out orders for three hundred thousand stand of the improved Minie musket, and for a vast number of the celebrated rifled cannon. Orders in future are not to be filled in England for the Rebel Government for arms or ammunition, or ships of war.

It is believed that an English and French fleet will be sent to the Southern ports at an early day, to co-operate with the United States fleet in the blockade of Secession ports.

Louis Napoleon has joined with Victoria to suppress the Slave-State rebellion. It is stated that his offers of service to President Lincoln are now on their way to Washington.

Orders have been issued, it is reported, to the Governor General of Canada to offer to the United States men and arms.

EX-PRESIDENT BUCHANAN has subscribed the sum of $5,000 for the equipment of volunteers at Lancaster.

At the time of the conflict in Baltimore, the Massachusetts Regiment lost their baggage. It was, however, carefully taken care of by the authorities, and has been forwarded to Washington.

Dr. Garnet, a son-in-law of Henry A. Wise, has sent his wife and family to the North for safety.

The Governor of Ohio is moving two regiments on Wheeling, one on Parkesburg, and one at Guyandotte and Point Pleasant, to protect the Union men of Western Virginia. Pennsylvania will form a camp at Pittsburg for the same object.

☞ A preacher said in a sermon, "Let men remember, while putting on their profuse and expensive attire, how narrow are the gates of Paradise."

NEWS ITEMS.

FORT MIFFLIN, below Philadelphia, is now held by two companies; it is not of much importance. Fort Delaware is held by about 300 men. It is in good order, and capable of a fair defence.

MARYLAND.—The Union sentiment predominates in the northern and western sections of Maryland. Union military are organizing at Hagerstown and Mundo village. The secessionists held a meeting at Frederick, Md., and a committee was sent to Harper's Ferry to procure arms. A strong Union meeting has been held at Hagerstown. A convention in Cecil county has resolved that Cecil will not secede, whatever the rest of Maryland does.

MISSOURI.—The Governor of Missouri having refused to call out volunteers, the enlistment is going on under authority of the War Department. About 2,500 men are already in the arsenal grounds, and it is thought the whole four regiments asked for will be raised in St. Louis alone. A company of 100 Germans from St. Genevieve has offered its services. F. P. Blair is Colonel of the first regiment.

THE Adjutant General of Virginia reported a short time ago that the State had arms enough for 5,000 men. We do not know whether this includes, or not, the arms already given out to volunteer companies.

TEN vessels of war are fitting out at the Charlestown, Mass., Navy Yard. The steamship Niagara has also arrived from Japan. These vessels are supposed to be intended for the blockade of the Southern ports.

ARKANSAS.—The Van Buren Press newspaper, the leading Union newspaper in Western Arkansas, hoisted, on the 24th, the Confederated flag over its office. The U. S. troops at Fort Smith evacuated the fort and left for the Indian country. The State troops now occupy the fort.

SEVENTEEN thousand men were all that Gen. Scott had at any time in Mexico.

THE New York Irish regiment (the 69th) one thousand strong, was offered 15 cents; 4,000 men who wished to volunteer. T. F. Meagher is raising another Irish regiment.

IN many of the Roman Catholic churches the priests have told their congregations that every man between the ages of 15 years of age should enlist, and that they did not want to see a man between those ages in church until the war was over.

GEN. STARK, late the Democratic candidate for Governor of New Hampshire, made a speech at Nashua, and pledged the 30,000 men who voted for him to the support of the Federal Administration. The Hon. Caleb Cushing, in a speech at Newburyport, said: "I am ready to die in defence of my native State or the Union."

THE Government have directed Commander Breeze, of the New York Navy Yard, to charter twenty steamers, for the service, for three months' service; to arm them with nine-inch pivot guns, and fit them out for sea.

A COMPANY of Kentucky secessionists, passing through Frankfort, Ky., were attacked by the citizens.

LARGE numbers of people from Baltimore and other Southern cities are constantly coming to Philadelphia. In many cases they are Unionists, and forced to fly.

INDIANA.—A sufficient number of companies have been offered to form ten additional regiments. Indiana claims she can send to the field within one month, fifty thousand volunteers. The Assembly will place the State under a war footing for the present, and establish a reserve guard of ten thousand men.

ILLINOIS.—The report that troops had been stationed at Cairo, to obstruct the river commerce, is denied by authority of Governor Gales, of Illinois. The troops are left there as a mere precautionary measure.

AN ARREST.—CINCINNATI, April 24.—Colvin Byron Young was arrested last evening at the Spencer House, by the U. S. Marshal, on the charge of treason. Important correspondence was found in his possession. He will be examined by the U. S. Court, to-morrow. This is the gentleman who recently seceded (apparently) from the Secessionists, denouncing them all in a ridiculously high-flown letter.

BALTIMORE ELECTION.—An election was held last week in Baltimore for members of the Legislature to consider the Secession ordinance. The whole number of votes cast for the candidates was 9,200. The number of votes cast at the last Presidential election was nearly 29,000. There was only one ticket. Governor Hicks has issued his proclamation, convening the Legislature at Frederick, instead of Annapolis. He does this to add to the "safety and comfort of the members."

ANOTHER REQUISITION.—It is said that the President will immediately make a requisition upon the loyal States for 100,000 more troops.

INDIAN VOLUNTEERS.—The Indians of the Cattaraugus Reserve (N. Y.) have unanimously voted to organize an "Indian regiment," 1,000 strong, to serve in defence of the United States Government.

A DEPUTATION of twenty Indians, headed by White Cloud, in behalf of the Sioux and Chippewas, have arrived in New York. They tender to the United States 300 warriors. Having learned that the Cherokees had taken sides, they cannot remain neutral.

NORFOLK.—All the guns at the Norfolk Navy Yard were spiked by the Government officials, but in such a bungling manner that all but eight or ten have already been made good for service by the citizens, and many of them mounted at prominent points for defence.

HARPER'S FERRY.—The citizens saved 4,000 improved arms. The machine-shops did not take fire, and the machinery was saved.

THE turnpike from Baltimore to York is literally black with vehicles of every description, containing whole families from Baltimore, who are hurrying to the country. A great many strangers are also proceeding to Pennsylvania for the purpose of embarking for the North. The country lands upon the line of the road are reaping a harvest from the travellers.

EX-PRESIDENT BUCHANAN entertains no idea (as has been announced) of leaving for Europe. It is well known among his personal friends that he warmly espouses the cause of the North, and that he will pass the remainder of his days at Wheatland. His nephew has enlisted in a Pennsylvania regiment.—*Lancaster Despatch.*

FROM CHARLESTON.—The correspondent of the Commercial Advertiser, who left Charleston on Saturday last, says that General Beauregard had not then started, but rumor said that he would start that night to commence the march on the capital.

THE Bush River bridge, on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, was again fired on Thursday night, and totally destroyed. It is expected that the remaining portion of the Gunpowder bridge will share the same fate.

GOVERNOR CURTIN will recommend in his message to the Legislature, that a reasonable and just Stay Law be enacted to protect debtors, &c.

The Baltimore Sun has a leader which seems to indicate that a conservative influence is gaining ground in Baltimore. The Sun emphatically declares that it is not a secession paper, and says that the passage by the Legislature of an ordinance of secession would be an arrogation of powers not vested in it. It advocates the calling of a State Convention, elected directly from the people.

A gentleman from Annapolis gives the following incident connected with the landing of troops at that place. When Col. Butler, in command of the Massachusetts Regiment, landed, some of the authorities protested against the passage of Massachusetts troops over Maryland soil, when he replied: "Sir, we came not here as citizens of Massachusetts, but as citizens and soldiers of the United States, with no intention to invade any State, but to protect the Capital of our common country from invasion. We shall give no cause of offence, but there must be no *fugitive shots or stray bricks* on the way."

ALEXANDRIA, April 20.—A plot to burn Willard's Hotel, at Washington, was discovered last night. Fifteen bundles of inflammable material were found distributed in various parts of the building, with slow matches attached. Casius M. Clay, and seventy-five others, are quartered at Willard's, and it is supposed the plot was to exterminate them. All along the line of railroad from Alexandria to Richmond, the troops are drilling, and the Confederate flag is flying.

SEIZURE OF A BALTIMORE BARK.—The bark Chase, which cleared at Baltimore on Friday last for Montevideo, has been seized by the Government off Annapolis, and is now said to be lying under the guns of the ship Constitution. The Chase has a cargo of flour and provisions.

GENS. HARNEY and Major Wagner, have been relieved of the command of the arsenal at St. Louis, and a junior captain left in command of the two thousand men there.

☞ WANTED—material aid for constructing a life-boat that will float on "a sea of troubles," rise on the "waves of misfortune," stem the "tide of adversity," sail clear of the "quicksands of error," and steer safely to the "haven of rest."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The receipts and stocks continue light, and the inquiry for export limited. There has been more activity, however, in the home demand for flour, and prices at the close are better, especially for superfine, which is comparatively scarce. Sales comprise 5,000 bbls, mostly taken by the trade at $3,35@3,50 for common Western mixed and good Pennsylvania superfine; from $3,37½ to 3,87½ for extra—in lots for choice Lancaster county; $3@6,50 for family, and $6,75@7,50 ₽ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is firmer, with light receipts and sales to notice at $3,50 ₽ bbl. Corn Meal has been in fair request, and 500@600 bbls Pennsylvania Meal sold at $3,75 ₽ bbl.

GRAIN.—The receipts of Wheat have fallen off. The week's sales reach 40,000 bus at from $1,28 to 1,35 for common to good and choice Western and Pennsylvania red, nearly all at 1,31@1,32 for the latter, afloat; $1,33@1,36 for Southern do, and from $1,38 to 1,45 for inferior to good Western and Pennsylvania white, in store. A sale of Kentucky was made at a price kept secret. Rye is in better demand, and all offered, about 3,000 bus Pennsylvania, found buyers at 68c. Corn has met with a good demand, and some 42,000 bus new yellow were disposed of at 60@62c for fair to prime dry Southern and Pennsylvania, afloat, including lots delivered at the latter rate; some in store at 60@61c; inferior at 55@58c, as to condition, and prime white at 62@63c, the latter afloat; prime yellow closing scarce at 62c, afloat. Oats are firm and more active at the close, the receipts being light, and 12,000 bus Pennsylvania were disposed of at 33½c; some new Southern brought 32c. Rye is in fair request, 7 cars and afloat. Barley and Malt are very inactive, and prices nearly nominal.

PROVISIONS.—The upper tendency in barrelled meats previously noticed continues, and sales are reported at a further advance, including Western Mess Pork at $19½, and 100 bbls of city packed Mess Beef and Pork at $15 for the former and $20 ₽ bbl for the latter. Bacon is firm but quiet, prices range at 11½@12½c for Hams, 8@8½c for shoulders, and 9@9½c for Sides in salt, cash and time. Of Lard we note sales of 800 packages Western at 10½c for tierces, and 11c for kegs, cash. Butter is dull, and selling slowly at 12@14c, the latter for prime; packed is not inquired for, and nearly nominal at 9@10c. Cheese moves off as wanted at 8½@9½c ₽ lb. Eggs are plenty and dull, and quoted at 10c@11c ₽ dozen.

COTTON.—The market for this staple has been brought to a complete stand still, and about 150 bales have been disposed of in small lots at from 13¾ to 15@16c for Ordinary to Middling Fair Uplands and Gulfs, mostly cash.

ASHES are steady, with about the usual business doing for both Pots and Pearls.

BARK—There is a steady demand for Quercitron, and all offered, some 60 hhds, found purchasers at $36 per ton for No. 1, and $22½ for No. 2.

BEESWAX—There is very little offering or selling, and we quote yellow at 32c@33c ₽ lb.

COAL.—Orders are coming in more freely from the East, and there is a moderate business doing for the season. Prices are unchanged.

COFFEE—There has been a fair demand at about previous quoted rates, and some 3000 bags have been taken from the recent arrivals at 13¾@14c for Rio, and 14½@15c for Laguayra, on time; the bulk of the sales were of the former description.

COPPER is dull, but without any quotable change to note.

FEED is falling as wanted at previous rates.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being pretty nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HIDES.—There is little or nothing doing in dry Hides or Goat Skins, and no change to note in the market.

The sales continue light, prices ranging at 18@22c for new crop Eastern and Western. Old Hops are very dull.

IRON—The market for pig metal continues almost at a stand still, and prices are nominally unchanged, the sales being in a small way only, from store, at about previous rates. Nothing doing in manufactured iron worthy of notice.

LEAD is firm but quiet, and the only sale we hear of is 300 pigs Virginia, at 5¾c, cash.

LEATHER—There has been rather more active, and sales of 5000 Hides are reported at previous rates.

LUMBER—Trade opens slowly, and we are advised of further sales of White Pine Boards at $13@17; yellow sap Boards sell at $14@15, and Hemlock raft Lumber at $6@7 ₽ M. Laths and Shingles are steady, and the latter more active.

MOLASSES continues dull, with sales of Cuba in lots at 18@21c, as in quality.

PLASTER.—There is very little doing, and we quote soft at $2,75@2,87½ ₽ ton.

RICE—The stocks and receipts are light and prices continue firm in advance, with sales at 5¼@6c, on time, which latter is now refused for prime.

SEEDS—There is very little doing in Clover seed, the active season being about over, and we quote it nominal at $4,50@4,75 for good to prime lots. Timothy and Flaxseed are also quiet, and prices about the same.

SPIRITS—The market for all kinds is steady but quiet, with a small business to note in Brandy and Gin. E. Rose 50@55c. Cognac 90@95c. Whiskey is firmer, but bbls move off slowly at 17¾@18½c, Drudge at 17c, and hhds at 17½c.

SUGARS are steady but quiet, with further small sales, in all about 600 hhds Cuba at 4¾@5¼c, on time.

TALLOW is dull, and city rendered is quoted at 9¼@9½c, with little or no inquiry.

TOBACCO—The demand for manufactured has been more active, and large sales are reported at full prices; no change in leaf.

WOOL—There has been little or no movement in the market, the sales being confined to a few small lots at irregular rates, the low grades, however, are held with more firmness.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1268 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 9½c ₽ lb. 60 Cows brought from $18 to 35 ₽ head. 4000 Sheep were sold at from $4 to 4½ ₽ cwt, gross. 1400 Hogs sold at from $6 to 7¾ ₽ cwt. net.

PRIVATEERING PIRACY IN CERTAIN CASES.

—The treason Act of the United States, section 9, says that "if any citizen shall commit any piracy or robbery aforesaid, or any act of hostility against the United States, or any citizen thereof, upon the high seas, under color of any commission from any foreign prince, or State, or on pretence of authority from any person, such offender shall, notwithstanding the pretence of any such authority, be deemed, adjudged, and taken to be a pirate, felon, and robber, and on being thereof convicted, shall suffer death." By section 10, accessories are punished in like manner.

☞ MEDICAL STUDENT'S EXAMINATION.—"Do wounds often heal by the first intention?" "Not when the patient is rich and the doctor poor." "When does mortification ensue?" "When you pop the question, and are answered—no."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of H. DEXTER & CO., 115 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, 8 Spruce Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HUNT & MINER, Nos. 11 & 13 Fifth Street, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 48 West 4th St., Cincinnati, O.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
GREEN & CO., Nashville, Tenn.
GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

FERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER, after a thorough trial by innumerable living witnesses, has proved itself to be "A TRUE BLESSING OF THE AGE, and has continued to steadily advance in the estimation of the world as the best Family Medicine ever introduced.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Manayunk, April 19, 1861, by the Rev. A. Culver, Esq., THOMAS MORRIS, to Miss CATHARINE MULLEN, both of Mill Creek, Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. John W. Jackson, of St. Paul's M. E. Church, Mr. CHARLES H. SCHURCH, to Miss EMILY SMITH, both of this city.

At the residence of the bride's father, on the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. Brainerd, CHARLES A. SHOURDS, Esq. of San Francisco, Cal. to Miss LIZZIE C. WILSON, eldest daughter of James H. Wilson, Esq. of this city.

On the 3d ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, EZANUEL FOUKROD, to Miss MARY A. SLATTER, both of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. Samuel Durborrow, Rector of the Church of the Evangelist, WILLIAM A. CONNINGTON, to ELEANOR F. TAYLOR, both of this city.

On the 1st of January, by the Rev. Dr. Clay, Mr. JAMES B. MAYER, to Miss JANE LUDBY, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Holmesburg, Pa., April 22d, ANN B. CHAPMAN, daughter of the late John W. Chapman.

On Sunday, 21st ultimo, MARY C. wife of Chas. F. Burgin, in her 35th year.

On the 21st ultimo, JAMES A. LORD, in his 45th year.

On Thursday, the 18th ultimo, at the residence of L. P. Burton, near Lewes, Del. THOMAS B. SMITH, of Philadelphia, in his 48th year.

On the 23d ultimo, ELIZA A. MANNING, aged 38 years.

In Trenton, N. J. on the 23d ultimo, MARGARET, wife of Wm. Morton, aged 38 years.

On the 21st ultimo, ADALINE, wife of the late John C. Springer, in her 32d year.

On the 21st ultimo, THOMAS STOUT, son of Daniel and Margaret Stout, in his 30th year.

On the 22d ultimo, ELIZA BRITT, wife of John Tobin, aged 37 years.

On the 20th ultimo, JANE, wife of Andw. Bleakley, aged 39 years.

On the 20th ultimo, after a lingering illness, Mrs. CATHARINE BOLAND, in her 60th year.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 pr ct.	—	—
" 5 " coupon	90	91
Phila 6 pr ct. old	96	—
" " new	95	—
" 5 "	—	—
Pitts 6 pr ct.	—	—
" 5 " coupon	—	—
Allgh City 6 pr ct.	—	—
" 5 "	—	—
Penn 5 pr ct.	—	—
" 6 "	99	—
Penn 6 "	—	—
" 5 " coupon	—	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	—
Tennessee 6 "	—	—
Ohio " 1836	—	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	—	—
Virginia "	—	—
Indiana "	—	—
CANAL STOCKS and LOANS.		
Sch' Nav 6 pr ct.	—	—
loan 5 "	65	—
imp. 5 pr ct.	—	—
" 6 "	—	—
preferred	10	—
Lehigh Nav stock	69½	—
mort 6 pr ct	—	—
scrip	32	—
Morris Canal 'd	—	—
preferred	102	106
Cam'd Bd. mort bonds	75	—
" stock	—	—
bonds	—	—
Sus & Tidewater bonds, 1878	—	—

RAILROAD STOCKS and BONDS.	Bid.	Asked.
Pennsylvania 5 pr ct	—	—
1st mort bonds	99	100
" 6 "	—	—
" stock	56	56½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	—
" 6 "	107	110
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	90	—
mort 6's '44	—	—
" 6's '51	76	—
" stock	16	16½
Phil, Wil & Bal stock	29	—
Phil & Erie 1st loan '65	—	—
Erie "	—	—
" 1st mort	—	63
" 2nd "	—	—
" stock	—	—
Catawissa	34	—
Beaver Meadow stock	75	—
" preferred 10 pr ct	54	—
Long Island stock	—	—
" preferred	64	75
Harrisburg 6 pr ct	—	—
Phil Ger & Nor R R mort 6 pr ct	—	—
" stock	20	—
6 pr ct loan	92	100
Hestonville R R	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
Erie "	—	—
Michigan Centra	—	—
" stock	—	—
Michigan Southern	—	—

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, April 27, 1861.

Alabama	dis.	Missouri	dis.
Canada	3 dis.	Nebraska	— dis.
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	15 dis.
Delaware	3 dis.	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	3 dis.	New Jersey	1 dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	1-16 dis.
Georgia	— dis.	New York State	1 dis.
Illinois	— dis.	North Carolina	1 dis.
Indiana	3 dis.	Nova Scotia	— dis.
Iowa	— dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	— dis.	Pennsylvania par to	1 dis.
Kentucky	— dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	— dis.	South Carolina	— dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	— dis.
Maryland	— dis.	Texas	— dis.
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	5 dis.	Virginia	— dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	— dis.
Mississippi	—		

PLEASE TO READ THIS.—If you want Employment, send at once for Mr. SEARS' CIRCULAR TO BOOK AGENTS. Our Publications are considered among the most saleable. Address, post paid, ROBERT SEARS, aug13-tf Publisher, 181 William St., N. Y.

DO YOU WANT WHISKERS OR MOUSTACHES?—If you do, and your beard won't grow, use my ONGUENT, which will force them to grow in 40 days, and won't stain or injure the skin. Sent by mail, postage free, any where. Price $1.
R. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau St., New York.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

DRUM AND FIFE BOOKS,

MODERN SCHOOL FOR THE DRUM; containing Instructions and Music. 50 cts.
FIFE WITHOUT A MASTER; containing Instructions, and Marches, Quicksteps, Service Calls, Signals, &c. 50 cts.
WINNER'S PERFECT GUIDE FOR THE FIFE; leading to a Complete Knowledge of the use of the Fife without a teacher; to which are added the Best Melodies of the Day. Price 50 cts. Mailed, post-paid, on receipt of price. Published by DITSON & Co., Boston.

B. FRANK PALMER,
SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to
THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philad'a.—1609.
THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.
The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents,) in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of Limbs* are worn, (though few are suspected,) and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world,) attest the positive value of these inventions. *All genuine "Palmer Limbs" have the name of the inventor affixed.*
Pamphlets which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in need of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.
The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.
All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address
B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
oct16-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR,

Which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCOAINE. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair is coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest this decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is at the same time unrivalled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.
Prepared only by Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston.
Sold by dealers generally, at 50c. a bottle.

"WHY STAND YE ALL THE DAY IDLE?"

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $3 to $7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $500 to $10 PER DAY CAN BE REALIZED. For particulars, address (with stamp,) CLINTON & CO.,
oct30-tf 37 North Sixth St., Philada.

HOME FOR INEBRIATES, *Cleveland, Ohio.*—Sufferers from Alcohol or Opium, send for a circular giving full information.
ap27-10t T. T. BEMIS, M. D., Proprietor.

DO YOU WANT WHISKERS?
DO YOU WANT WHISKERS
DO YOU WANT A MOUSTACHE?
DO YOU WANT A MOUSTACHE?
BELLINGHAM'S
CELEBRATED
STIMULATING ONGUENT,
FOR THE WHISKERS AND HAIR.

The subscribers take pleasure in announcing to the citizens of the United States, that they have obtained the agency for, and are now enabled to offer to the American public, the above justly celebrated and world-renowned article.

THE STIMULATING ONGUENT

Is prepared by Dr. C. P. Bellingham, an eminent physician of London, and is warranted to bring out a thick set of

WHISKERS OR A MUSTACHE

In from three to six weeks. This article is the only one of the kind used by the French, and in London and Paris it is in universal use.
It is a beautiful, economical, nothing yet stimulating compound, acting as if by magic upon the roots, causing a beautiful growth of luxuriant hair. If applied to the scalp it will cure *baldness*, and cause to spring up in place of the bald spots a fine growth of new hair. Applied according to directions it will turn *red or very hair gray*, and restore gray hair to its original color—leaving it soft, smooth and flexible. The "ONGUENT" is an indispensable article in every gentleman's toilet, and after one week's use they would not for any consideration be without it. The subscribers are the only agents for the article in the United States, to whom all orders must be addressed.
Price ONE DOLLAR a box, and Postage 15 cts.
A box of the "ONGUENT" will be sent to any who desire it, by mail, securely packed, on receipt of price and postage, $1,18.
Apply to or address,
HORACE L. HEGEMAN & CO.,
Druggists &c.,
24 William street, New York.
DYOTT & Co., 232 North SECOND Street, Philadelphia Agents. mar30-13t

WHAT CAN AIL THE CHILD?—Is its sleep disturbed? Do you observe a morbid restlessness—a variable appetite—a fretful breath, grinding of the teeth, and itching of the nose? Then be sure your child is troubled with Worms. If their presence is even suspected, procure at once

Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge.

It effectually destroys Worms, is perfectly safe, and so pleasant that children will not refuse to take it. It acts also as a general Tonic, and no better remedy can be taken for all derangements of the Stomach and Digestive Organs.
Prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut Street, and for sale by Agents throughout the country. ap13-tf

BOOK AGENTS

WANTED, to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, at low prices, WITH INTERESTING CONTENTS, and Superbly Colored Plates. For circulars, with full particulars, apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, 102 Nassau street, New York; if you live West, the same, 111 Main Street, Cincinnati. mh15-tf

DR. H. JAMES DISCOVERED, while in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The recipe, containing full directions for making and successfully using this remedy, will be sent on the receipt of a stamp for return postage. Address
CRADDOCK & CO.,
ap20-3t 225 SECOND St., Philada.

CEPHALIC PILLS,
CURE
SICK HEADACHE;
CURE
NERVOUS HEADACHE;
CURE
ALL KINDS
OF
HEADACHE.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.
They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea and Headache* to which females are so subject.
They act gently upon the bowels, —removing *Costiveness.*
For *Literary Men, Students, Delicate Females*, and all persons of *sedentary habits*, they are valuable as a *Laxative*, improving the *appetite*, giving *tone* and *vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.
The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the *nervous* system or from a deranged state of the *stomach.*
They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety, without making any change of diet, *and the absence of any disagreable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.*

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

The genuine have five signatures of Henry C Spalding on each box.
Sold by Druggists and all other dealers in Medicines.
A Box will be sent by mail prepaid on receipt of the
PRICE, 25 CENTS.
All orders should be addressed to
HENRY C. SPALDING,
48 Cedar Street, New York.

THE FOLLOWING ENDORSEMENTS OF
SPALDING'S
CEPHALIC PILLS,
WILL CONVINCE ALL WHO SUFFER FROM
HEADACHE,
THAT A
SPEEDY AND SURE CURE
IS WITHIN THEIR REACH.

As these Testimonials were unsolicited by Mr. Spalding, they afford unquestionable proof of the efficacy of this truly scientific discovery.

MARSHVILLE, CONN., Feb. 5, 1861.
MR. SPALDING.
SIR:
I have tried your Cephalic Pills, and *I like them so well* that I want you to send me two dollars' worth more.
Part of these are for the neighbors, to whom I gave a few out of the first box I got from you.
Send the Pills by mail, and oblige
Your ob't Servant,
JAMES KENNEDY.

HAVERFORD, Pa., Feb. 6, 1861.
MR. SPALDING.
SIR:
I wish you to send me one more box of your Cephalic Pills, *I have received a great deal of benefit from them.* Yours, respectfully,
MARY ANN STOKHOUSE.

SPRUCE CREEK, HUNTINGTON CO., Pa., January 18, 1861.
H. C. SPALDING.
SIR:
You will please send me two boxes of your Cephalic Pills. Send them immediately.
Respectfully yours,
JNO. B. SIMONS.
P. S.—*I have used one box of your Pills, and find them excellent.*

BELLE VERNON, Ohio, Jan. 15, 1861.
HENRY C. SPALDING, Esq.
Please find inclosed twenty five cents, for which send me another box of your Cephalic Pills. *They are truly the best Pills I have ever tried.*
Direct A. SOVER, P. M.,
Belle Vernon, Wyandot Co., O.

BEVERLY, MASS., Dec. 11, 1860.
H. C. SPALDING, Esq.
I wish for some circulars of large show bills, to bring your Cephalic Pills more particularly before my customers. If you have anything of the kind, please send to me.
One of my customers, who is subject to severe Sick Headache, (usually lasting two days,) was *cured of an attack in one hour by your Pills*, which I sent her. Respectfully yours,
W. B. WILKES.

REYNOLDSBURG, FRANKLIN CO., OHIO, January 9, 1861.
HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 Cedar st., N. Y.,
DEAR SIR:
Inclosed find twenty five cents, (25,) for which send box of "Cephalic Pills." Send to address of Rev. Wm. C. Filler, Reynoldsburg, Franklin Co., Ohio.
Your Pills work like a charm—cure Headache almost instanter.
Truly yours,
WM. C. FILLER.

☞ A single bottle of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE will save ten times its cost annually. ☜

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
SAVE THE PIECES!
ECONOMY! DISPATCH!
☞ "A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE." ☜
As accidents will happen, even in well regulated families, it is very desirable to have some cheap and convenient way for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, &c.
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE
meets all such emergencies, and no household can afford to be without it. It is always ready, and up to the sticking point.
"USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE."
N. B.—A Brush accompanies each Bottle.
Price, 25 cents.
Address, HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 CEDAR Street, New York.
CAUTION.
As certain unprincipled persons are attempting to palm off on the unsuspecting public, imitations of my PREPARED GLUE, I would caution all persons to examine before purchasing, and see that the full name,
☞ SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, ☜
is on the outside wrapper all others are swindling counterfeits. nov17-1y

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE
AND
THE WORKING FARMER,
☞ FOR TWO DOLLARS A YEAR. ☜

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, of Philadelphia, is recognized as one of the most reliable guides of the latest Fashions, containing monthly, magnificent Steel Engravings, Fashion Plates and Etchings, together with popular Stories, Serials, &c., &c. It is acknowledged par excellence.
The Leading Parlor Magazine in the Country.
Its cheapest subscription price *alone* is two DOLLARS A YEAR; but in order to increase the circulation of both Publications, we will furnish them together for that price. *Send four red stamps for a specimen copy.*

THE WORKING FARMER.
The Senior Editor of the Working Farmer, Prof. J. J. Mapes, and his Assistants and Contributors, are mainly devoted to practical Agricultural pursuits, and will furnish the results of their experience for the benefit of their readers.
☞ Specimen Copies Gratis. ☜
CHAS. V. MAPES, Agricultural Warehouse, 126 and 128 Nassau and 11 Beekman St., N. Y.
ap26-tf

COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION,
Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.
JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT,
Has been for thirty years the Standard Remedy.

It will be admitted that no better evidence of the great curative powers of this EXPECTORANT can be offered than the grateful testimony of those who have been restored to health by its use, and the widespread popularity which, for so long a period, it has maintained in the face of all competition, and which has created a constantly increasing demand for it in all parts of the world. As far as possible, this evidence is laid before the public from time to time, until the most skeptical must be convinced that for all Pulmonary complaints, it is truly an invaluable remedy.
RECENT COUGHS AND COLDS, PLEURITIC PAINS, &c., are speedily and effectually cured by its diaphoretic, soothing and Expectorant power.
ASTHMA it always cures. It overcomes the spasmodic contract of the air vessels, and by producing free expectoration, at once removes all difficulty of breathing.
BRONCHITIS readily yields to the Expectorant. It subdues the inflammation which extends through the wind tubes, produces free expectoration, and suppresses at once the Cough and Pain.
CONSUMPTION.—For this insidious and fatal disease, no remedy on earth has ever been found so effectual. It subdues the inflammation—relieves the distressing Cough and Pain—the difficulty of breathing and produces an easy expectoration, whereby all irritating and obstructing matters are removed from the lungs.
WHOOPING COUGH is promptly relieved by this Expectorant. It shortens the duration of the disease one-half, and greatly mitigates the sufferings of the patient.
In all PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, in CROUP, PLEURISY, &c., it will be found to be prompt, safe, pleasant and reliable, and may be taken by infants. It is recommended to Ministers and Singers, for the relief of Hoarseness, and for strengthening the organs of the voice.
This EXPECTORANT and all of *Jayne's Family Medicines*, are prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut street, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. ap13-tf

$100 PER MONTH made by any one with STENCIL TOOLS. Circulars free. The cheapest and best. Send for my circular, which fully explains the business. Address JOHN MILLIKEN, Lawrence, Mass., or No. 70 Third St., Ft. Louis, Mo. mar30-6t

HUSBAND'S
CALCINED MAGNESIA
Is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.
A CHILD'S PLAY. MEDAL, FOUR FIRST PREMIUM SILVER MEDALS have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the Trade, Druggists and country storekeepers generally, and by the manufacturer,
feb2-1f THOMAS J. HUSBAND, Phila.

FACTS FOR CONSIDERATION.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS have been before the world for nearly one hundred and ten years. They have an established character for safety and efficacy, which places them in the first rank of all the medicines of the day. They are purely vegetable, harmless to the youngest and any weakest frame, yet of sufficient efficacy to thoroughly cleanse and purify the blood, through the organs of the stomach and bowels. They aid and impro

Wit and Humor.

A SNORING WIFE.

Talk about your scolding wives and your smoky chimneys, but they ain't nowhere—they ain't a circumstance!! I would rather have a chimney that emitted smoke enough to *cure* the whole family, and be forced to live with a dozen Xantippes all together—let them be ever so much predisposed in favor of "sprinkling" with (un) "holy water"—than to have to "put up" with a snoring wife! Oh! The very idea makes a nervous man tremble from the top of his stove-pipe hat to about a foot below the soles of his boots! A snoring wife! Boo-o-o-o!

But I started out to tell a story, and I'm going to do it.

Well, "In life's morning march when my bosom was young," I wooed and won the beautiful and accomplished Miss Ann Dash. The difficulties of the courtship I will not here enumerate, for they will not weave into the plan of this story, which is intended to be short—very short.

The appointed time for the wedding arrived, and hundreds of young people, from far and near, assembled at the mansion of the old man Dash to witness the ceremony and "trip the light fantastic toe." It was a brilliant wedding, and "happiness—our being's end and aim"—was ours. When a couple really love, their wedding-day is the happiest of their lives; and if they should be unfortunate in after life, they look back to that day as a bright oasis in the desert of their memory. About two o'clock in the morning the company broke up, and we went to bed.

Before I got to sleep, Nancy began to *snore!*

I was dumbfounded. "*Great heavens!*" I mentally ejaculated, "is this a reality? Is it possible that I am bound up for life to a woman who *snores?*" I was miserable. I thought over Pope's couplet—

"Oh! thoughtless mortal, over blind to fate,
Too soon dejected and too soon elate!"

Here I had been just a moment before in ecstacies over the possession of, as I thought, a *treasure!* Can I love her? I asked of my heart. And the answer instantly came, "It is impossible!" I debated with myself whether or not I should "secede," but snoring was not a ground of divorce. It ought to be—" You can bet." I sat up in the bed, and from thinking I went to *talking*.

"I can't and won't stand this. I'll just get up and leave, let the consequences be what they may. I loved her, I know, but I did not know that she *snored!*

About this time I noticed that she had quit snoring, and was shaking with suppressed laughter.

And I began to see that I was sold. There never was a poor wight before nor since that rejoiced more at discovering that he had been sold.

"Why," said she, "I thought you promised to take me for better or for worse, but here you are raising a row, and threatening to leave me at the first little fault you find about me."

"Well," said I, "I will make the same promise again, if you won't snore; "but I'll be hanged if I would live with a snoring wife ten minutes."

QUAINT PREACHING.—An old minister in the west country, having occasion to allude in his discourse to the discoveries of modern astronomy, said that Sir Isaac Newton was "as well acquainted with the stars as if he had been born and brocht up among them."

The Rev A—— P——, a probationer is reported to have thus improved the subject of the repentance of the Apostle Peter, as he was arrested by the cock crowing:

"Brethren, that cock was a messenger to Peter. Peter afterwards became a cock or messenger to others. Paul, too was a cock." And after enumerating others of the Apostles and early Christians, the reverend gentleman, at the pitch of his voice and throwing out his hands, exclaimed:

"And brethren, I, too, am a cock!"

The simile was irresistible. But the most extraordinary piece of pulpit declamation which has probably ever been recorded is the following:

The Rev A—— C——, of D——, in discoursing of a certain class of persons who were obnoxious to him, concluded with this singular peroration:

"Ma freens, it is as impossible for a —— to enter the kingdom o' heiven as for a coo to climb up a tree wi' her tail foremost and harry a craw's nest, or for a sow to sit on the tap o' a thistle and sing like a marvis."—*Rogers.*

A LAUGHABLE BLUNDER.—The following is a laughable blunder, made by a short-hand writer in taking the evidence given before a parliamentary committee: A highly respectable witness was asked, "Is your father a partner in the Low Moor Works?" and he gave an answer in the affirmative. He must, however, have been slightly annoyed in reading the report of the evidence to find the question and answer permanently recorded in the following form: "Is your father a pauper in the Low Moor Workhouse?" "Yes."

ISLAND IDEAS.—A clergyman in the backwoods, who had never seen the ocean, was drawing a simile between some religious tenet and an anchor, and fearing his congregation might not fully understand the use of an anchor, he thus described it:

"An anchor is a large iron instrument that sailors carry to sea with them, and, when a storm arises, they take it on shore and fasten it to a tree, and that holds the ship still till the storm blows over."

☞ "Now look'er yer Charlie, Jim must to an honest nigger, and then again he moutent, but if I was a chicken, and knowed he was about the yard, I tell yer wot, nigger, I'd roost high, I would."

LOVE.

"Ada Clare," in the N. Y. Leader, discourses as follows of love:

Ah! that much slandered darling, the God of Love! to hear them talk of his pains, one would think he mingled no sweet with the bitter. And to speak truly, there is no pang love brings but has its drop of sweetness, with the one disgusting exception of jealousy.

People seem to make of love a question of profit and loss. What matters it what we lose through love, when only through it we gain ourselves. It is the loss of the man who loses the world and gains his own soul.

Those who love, no matter whether fortunately or unfortunately, are not apt to suffer from dearth of sensation. That dried up, arid, desert atmosphere, that comes to so many people who are strong in their insensibility, never comes to them.

For my own poor part, I think one is especially favored in having her nature stirred to its depths. 'Tis a great privilege not to feel the most delicate and powerful machinery of the spirit rusting in disuse. Not to have the secret chambers of the heart shut up in darkness, and hung with cobwebs and mildew. Not to have the vast senses of life unasted, and groping and longing. But to feel the entire life in intense motion. Every pore agape with life, every pulse panting with it, every drop of blood hot with it.

Love's pangs are lovelier than the pleasures of the idiots who despise and mock at her, her scorns are prouder than their honors, her tears sweeter than their grimaces of satisfaction.

How much to be envied is she, who has seen with her mortal eyes the perfect realization of her ideal? To see a face before which your imagination in its highest aspirations, is arrested and humbled. To feel that the wildest flight of your dreams has stopped short of this. To see all your shadowy visions of beauty, your dreams of grace, your vague, unresting yearnings after loveliness, all concentrated into one small face, bursting there, like a flower, into full and perfect life.

Must the lover of nature pride himself upon the splendor of his sunset, the star-sprinkled heaven, his purple mountain, his golden valley, and we have no right to joy in simply looking upon one face, that in its few ravishing inches concentrates the beauty of the world?

I will protest against the amateur of nature going forth to adore the gaudy sun swimming up from the misty hill-tops, and dropping his golden dews upon the languid fields of green, unless he will allow me to worship wildering eyes, the wavings of whose light for me illume the planetary sphere, in whose languid lustrousness all divine shapes revolve which have plucked out from beauty the very heart of its life.

When the soul has found this perfect incarnation of its ideal, it throws out its anchor, it grapples it, it holds fast to it with all its thronging, infinite powers, and no longer floating on the waters of chance and accident, it stands upon the rock of absolute content, and knows no variableness nor shadow of turning.

SINGULAR CUSTOM IN VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.—When one of the natives dies, his body is laid upon a raised platform or couch, erected in the middle of his lodge. Here it is left for nine days, to be seen and visited by the tribe; upon the tenth the funeral pile is erected, and a great gathering of friendly tribes and families takes place. The corpse is laid upon the top of the pile, the wife or wives of the deceased lying alongside; here she must remain until the presiding medicine-man permits her to rise, which permission is seldom accorded until she is terribly burnt. Even now her trials are not over; she must collect some of the oily matter which exudes from the burning flesh, and rub it over her own body, and if the limbs (as is frequently the case) of the body contract from the heat, it is her duty to keep them straight, and all this in a blazing fire of gum-wood. Should the wretched woman get through all this alive, she has to collect any remnants of charred bones, and tying them in a bundle, carry them upon her back, day and night, for three years, at the end of which time she is free to take a second husband—a trial I should scarcely imagine likely to find many brave enough to attempt.—*Cruise in the Pacific.*

SHERIDAN AND THE BOOTS.—He had always a taste for the art of duping, and he had begun early in life—soon after leaving Harrow. He was spending a few days at Bristol, and wanted a pair of new boots, but could not afford to pay for them. Shortly before he left, he called on two bootmakers, and ordered of each a pair, promising payment on delivery. He fixed the morning of his departure for the tradesmen to send in their goods. When the first arrived he tried on the boots, and complained that that for the *right* foot pinched a little, and ordered Crispin to take it back, stretch it, and bring it again at nine the next morning. The second arrived soon after, and this time it was the boot for the *left* foot which pinched. Same complaint; same order given; each had taken away only the pinching boot, and left the other behind. The same afternoon Sheridan left in his new boots for town, and when the two shoemakers called at nine next day, each with a boot in his hand, we can imagine their disgust at finding how neatly they had been duped.

☞ It is the mountains that first reflect the morning's red wing; the mountains that glow with the sandals of departing day. On them the Law was given amid thunder and cloud; on them the Sermon was uttered amid sunshine and peace; all day they are covered with grandeur and "visited all night by troops of stars." From their white distaffs flow the threads of great rivers; they lift old Winter upon their shoulders, and June lies asleep at their feet.

☞ The chap who fell into error was lifted out by the lever of public opinion.

"BYE, BYE, BABY!"

ANXIOUS YOUNG MOTHER.—"Good gracious, Bridget! what on earth are you about!"
BRIDGET.—"Sure you bid me wash the baby, and what would I do it with only the washing-machine?" —*Vanity Fair.*

THE DOCTOR'S JOKE.

An anecdote is amusing Paris, in which the actors are a lady and a physician, the latter being *no* other than the celebrated Prof. Pierry, well known to medical men in America. The doctor was recently summoned to the mansion of a duchess, residing in the Faubourg St. Germain, and hastened to obey the call, which was of an immediate nature. He was forthwith introduced to the boudoir of the aristocratic dame, who, with tears in her eyes, pointed to a hideous little monkey, decked with costly laces and writhing, in great apparent pain, upon an elegant velvet cushion. The savant at first hurt and humiliated by the insult inflicted upon him, soon regained his equanimity, and gravely proceeded to fulfill his professional duty. After a momentary examination, the doctor divined the cause of the animal's distress; then, noticing an infant child of the duchess crawling upon the floor, he took the baby in his arms, felt its pulse, and coolly said to the great lady—

"Madame, your two sons are laboring under an indigestion. Give them tea to drink, and restrict them for a few days to a simple diet. No other prescription is necessary."

And, making a polite bow to the duchess, Pierry departed, leaving his patroness in a state of stupefied amazement and rage, easy to imagine, but utterly impossible to describe.

☞ A steamboat was started on her trip from a Southern port, the other day, at the ringing of the bell, with a full head of steam on. At the turn of the wheels, the boat seemed to halt, but as they moved more briskly, off went the boat—and the wharf with her! They had forgotten to cast off their fastenings.

Agricultural.

TURNING STOCK TO GRASS.

"Should stock be turned to grass early?" is a question frequently asked, but it cannot be answered in a word. The expediency of the act alluded to depends on various circumstances; we must consider the effects on the animals, and the effects on the grass, or on the land.

1. In regard to animals we believe the effects of turning to grass early, are generally beneficial. After long confinement and a diet of dry food, the animal hankers for the early grass, and it operates to purify the blood and give a healthy circulation, which aids the secretive glands—both the milk-forming and flesh forming. We are confident that observation will support these conclusions, and there are on record the results of some careful experiments which nearly demonstrate their correctness; but we are unable to make particular reference to them at this time. We recollect having read, not long since, an account of a trial on a pretty extensive scale, made in Virginia, the points of which were, that of two lots of cattle of equal quality, as near as it was practicable to have them, one lot was turned to pasture as soon as the grass had started enough for them to crop it; the other lot was kept up several weeks longer, being well fed with meal, and then turned on a part of the same pasture which had been divided into two equal parts for the experiment, it being originally of similar quality throughout. The result was that though the lot turned out last was quite as heavy and in the highest order when they left the yard, the lot first turned out gained much the most in the course of the season. We have seen similar results in horses and sheep. If, therefore, the question was restricted to the stock, we should not hesitate to answer in the affirmative.

2. The effects on the grass or on the land may or may not be injurious; they depend on the character of the soil, its condition when the stock is turned on it, the species of grasses produced, and to some extent on the closeness to which they are grazed. A comparatively dry soil covered with a firm turf is not likely to be much affected; but one saturated with water might be so broken by the feet of animals that the grass would be greatly injured; the surface might be made uneven, the grass roots mutilated, and the soil made to bake in dry weather, which would still further weaken the vitality of the grass.

We have said that something depends on the species of grass. The *Poa pratensis*—Kentucky blue grass, or June grass of some sections—forms, on soils to which it is well adapted, a very firm sward, which, except when the ground is very wet, will bear the tread of any animal without injury. Hence it results that pastures set with this grass are seldom injured by being grazed in the spring. The "winter pastures" of Kentucky, on which this is almost the exclusive species are grazed at all seasons, notwithstanding that the fluctuations of the weather cause more freezing and thawing than occurs in more northern climates. But even on the mountains of Vermont, we have seen stock eating this grass, which had been covered all winter by snow, the animals being allowed access to it as soon as the snow disappeared, and thriving rapidly when some of the new growth became mixed with the old. Except in particular cases, as before mentioned, the growth of grass was not injured by feeding.

But with some other grasses the case is different. Plants of herds-grass—*Phleum pratense*—and of the red top family—*Agrostis*—do not bind themselves firmly together by lateral roots, like the blue grass. The sward is, therefore, more easily penetrated and broken by the feet of animals. And here we will repeat what we have several times said before, that pastures are generally more injured by the hoof than by the tooth. Of course injury by the former depends somewhat on the size of the animal, sheep doing less than large cattle and horses would do.

3. The final conclusion is, that, considering the effect on the land, in reference to the continued production of grass, it is not expedient to turn stock to pasture till the ground has become so well settled and dry that the sward will not be cut up, and that, in regard to the kinds of grasses last mentioned, care should be taken not to graze them too closely when they first start.—*Boston Cultivator.*

PLANTING PEAS.—A friend of ours who "loves virtue and gardening," as well as a mess of green peas, thought he should like to continue the crop a little longer than usual, and so planted them at different depths, covering them from one inch to six. It was his expectation that the peas covered only one inch would come first and go ahead, so that he should have a mess from the vines before those planted six inches below the surface had fairly come into blossom. He was surprised, however, to find that those planted deepest came sooner than those planted only one inch deep, and that they continued to flourish, retained their bottom leaves and dark green color, and were highly productive for an unusual length of time.

In order to get peas early, they are generally planted on a warm, dry soil, and covered but slightly, in the expectation that they will come up quickly and give an early crop. These two facts, that they are on a dry soil and covered lightly, are the reasons why the vines will so soon, the bottom leaves turning yellow and dropping off, even before a single mess of well-developed peas are taken off.

To prevent this result, plant on a deep, rich soil, cover deep, say three to six inches, and keep the soil moist by mulching or watering.—*New England Farmer.*

PEANUTS.—The peanut is cultivated in Georgia, Alabama, North Carolina, &c. It is planted in ridges about three feet apart, and the vine stands about a foot in perpendicular height. The stems shoot out in all directions from it for about fifteen inches around. These runners have joints about an inch and a half a part, and at each joint a strong root strikes down into the ground about two inches deep; at the end of this root the pea-pod is formed and comes to maturity. Some farmers cover these lateral vines with earth, while others leave them bare all the time. It is not agreed which is the better mode. When ripe, one bunch of vines will have from one to two quarts of peas. One acre will produce from thirty to fifty bushels of nuts.

SETTING MILK.—Cream cannot rise through a great depth of milk. If, therefore, milk is desired to retain its cream for a time, it should be put into a deep, narrow dish; and if desired to free it of cream, pour it into a broad, flat dish, one inch in depth.

CURE FOR MENDICANCY.

On a day fixed, orders being previously given, the police of Munich seized every beggar of every kind that could be found in the streets, and conveyed them bodily to a large manufactory, the character of which was, in fact, that of a workhouse, with, however, the valuable addition of military discipline. Once secured within the New Military Workhouse, the beggars were washed, dressed, and fed; they were given free permission to stay or go, as they pleased; but a decree was soon issued making mendicancy a breach of the law, and ordering the gendarmes, throughout the capital, to arrest any one proved to have been begging. The beggar who dared no longer beg, was only too glad to eat the excellent dinner provided at the workhouse, and to do the work for which alone that dinner was the recompense. The work of classification was, of course, difficult. There were some genuine cripples, who were too weak for any work, and such were sent to the infirmary; others there were, who, afflicted with some permanent complaint, were capable of but little exertion, and for these light work was provided; but the majority were "sturdy beggars," who could work well enough if made to do so. No restraint was set on any of them. They were only warned that they would be taken up if they begged; and the only alternative was to accept the work offered them. Wages were paid to really worthy workers, and the dress and board was common to all. As a proof of the success of the system, it may be mentioned, that in five years' time the institution was realizing nearly a thousand per annum. But what was that? The real glory lay in the fact that a vicious, idle race of beings, who were numbered by thousands, even in so small a city as Munich, were gradually converted into honest workmen; were instructed in religion, and raised in moral character; while the citizens were relieved of what had been a tax on their purses and tempers alike.—*The Art of Doing our Best.*

AN ENGLISH peer of the realm cannot hold a seat in the House of Commons. But a considerable number of person in Great Britain are styled lords who are not peers, and therefore not entitled to seats in the House of Lords. The eldest sons of dukes, marquises, and earls are called lords by courtesy, and there are certain Irish and Scotch peers who are not peers of the realm. Lord Palmerston, for example, is an Irish lord, but an English commoner, and he sits in the House of Commons. Lord John Russell is styled lord, because he is the son of the Duke of Bedford, but he is no more a peer than his groom is.

Useful Receipts.

FRIED FISH.—The great art of frying fish is, to have it free from grease, and in that state it is one of the most delicate descriptions of food that can be given to the invalid, and at the same time the most nourishing. The sudden immersion in the fat solidifies the albumen in the flesh of the fish, and renders it easy of digestion; the coating of bread-crumbs prevents the fat penetrating into the fish, and when eaten by the invalid, the skin should be removed, and only the white flesh partakee of.

The great point is to have plenty of fat in the pan, for it is not wasted, far from it. If it is kept at a proper degree of heat, in the same pan a sole may be fried, and at the same time an apple fritter, neither will taste of the other, proving that the high degree of heat in the fat prevents the flavor of the object immersed in it escaping.

FRIED FISH, JEWISH FASHION.—This is another excellent way of frying fish, which is constantly in use by the children of Israel, and I cannot recommend it too highly; so much so, that the various kinds of fish which many people despise, are excellent cooked by this process; in eating them many persons are deceived, and would suppose them to be the most expensive of fish. The process is at once simple, effective, and economical; not that I would recommend it for invalids, as the process imbibes some of the fat, which, however palatable, would not do for the dyspeptic or invalid.

Proceed thus:—Cut one or two pounds of halibut in one piece, lay it in a dish, cover the top with a little salt, put some water in the dish, but not to cover the fish; let it remain thus for one hour. The water being below, causes the salt to penetrate into the fish, and C, $8.96.—R. Barto; and a boy 13 years old, Union City, Mich. Take it out and dry it; cut the bone out, and the fins off; it is then in two pieces. Lay the pieces on the side; and divide them into slices half an inch thick; put into a frying-pan, with a quarter of a pound of fat, lard, or dripping (the Jews use oil); then put two ounces of flower into a soup-plate, or basin, which mix with water, to form a smooth batter, not too thick. Dip the fish in it, so that the pieces are well covered; then have the fat, not too hot, put the pieces in it, and fry till a nice color, turning them over. When done, take it out with a slice, let it drain, dish up, and serve. Any kind of sauce that is liked may be used with it; but plain, with a little salt and lemon, is excellent. This fish is often only six to eight cents per pound; it containing but little bone renders it very economical. It is excellent cold, and can be eaten with oil, vinegar, and cucumbers, in summer time, and is exceedingly cooling. An egg is an improvement in the batter.

The same fish, before mentioned as fit for frying, may be fried in this manner. Eels are excellent done so; the batter absorbs the oil which is in them.

Flounders may also be done in this way. A little salt should be sprinkled over before serving.

In some Jewish families all this kind of fish is fried in oil, and dipped in batter, as described above. In some families they dip the fish first in flour, and then in egg, and fry in oil. This plan is superior to that fried in fat or dripping, but more expensive.—*Soyer's Cookery for the People.*

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 34 letters.
My 1, 10, 14, 29, 5, was the son of Saturn, celebrated for his beauty and his love of steeds.
My 2, 23, 34, 27, 28, 15, 7, was priest of Apollo.
My 16, 3, 11, 6, was the wife of Tyndarus and mother of Castor.
My 14, 22, 25, 32, was a noted American statesman.
My 8, 10, 31, 30, was brother to Saturn.
My 12, 9, 26, 18, 7, 3, was an American general.
My 19, 13, 9, 15, 30, was a monster having the bodies of three men united.
My 17, 26, 20, was an American general.
My 24, 10, 6, 7, 11, 9, 29, 5, was a Grecian chief.
My 21, 34, 25, 10, 8, 29, 5, was a priest of Hercules.
My 33, 10, 7, 28, 5, was a celebrated king and lawgiver of Crete.
My 4, 21, 28, 17, 3, 15, was the son of Jupiter.
My whole is the name and situation of an institution of learning in one of the Western States.
Easton, Mo. J. H. LUNBECK.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in sun but not in moon;
My 2d is in fast but not in soon;
My 3d is in naught but not in none;
My 4th is in hurry but not in come;
My whole is surely in the West,
And guess it, reader, if you think best.
Newport, R. I. CHARLES COTTRELL.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Is an island in the Polynesia;
Is a town in England;
Is one of the United States;
Is a division of Italy;
Is a range of mountains in Asia;
Is a river in the United States.
My initials form an island in the Old World; my finals place of situation.
SAMUEL LAIRD.

OMISSION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Omit my 1, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, and I am very destructive.
Omit my 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, and I am a cape in Africa.
Omit my 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 12, 13, and I am found in human beings.
Omit my 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and I am an indefinite adjective pronoun.
Omit my 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 10, 11, 12, 13, and I am a female name.
My whole is a distinguished statesman.
SAMUEL LAIRD.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A father walking out with his son was met by a person who inquired the age of the father and the boy. The father answered, I am at present just 5 times the age of this my son, and if you multiply my son's age by mine the product will be 281 years and 3 months. Now tell me how long hence, if we both live so long, my son's age will be just one-half my own?
DANIEL DIEFENBACH.
Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

PROBABILITY QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An urn contains 100 balls, 80 of which are white and 20 are black. A person, who is known to tell the truth as often as 5 times out of 8, draws a ball at random from this urn and asserts that it is black. Required the probability of the statement being true? ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is money like the letter F? Ans.—Because it makes an ass pass.

☞ Why is a cat's tail like a swan's bosom? Ans.—Because it grows down.

☞ What letter would make every flower alike? Ans.—W. would make all flowers wall-flowers.

☞ "What are you conning over?" asked a friend of a law student. "My-lex-I-con," was the reply.

☞ Why can no quadruped enter a city garden? Ans.—Because there can never be more than three feet in a *yard.*

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

CHARADE—Corn-wall-is Cornwallis. DOUBLE REBUS—Olensk, in Asia. CHARADE—Butterfield. DOUBLE REBUS—Peling, in Asia. (Petchili, Edmondsin, Lulea, Illinois, Nyssel, Gassamala.) ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—24 and 8.

Answer to GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM, published March 16th. Length of axletree 4.75 rods, and the large wheel will revolve 39.29 times.—"Genesee."

Answer to J. F. H.'s PROBLEM, published March 30th.—A should receive $16.64; B, $14.08 and C, $8.96.—R. Barto; and a boy 13 years old, Union City, Mich.

Answer to S. M. White's PROBLEM, published same day.—The board must be cut 11.622776 feet from the smaller end which would be 8.377223 feet from the larger end.

Answer to W. George's TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM, published April 13th, 1861.—The height of the tree was 187.071 yards, and the width of the river was 349.438 yards.—R. Barto, Ellwood, Schuylkill Co., Pa.

A correspondent writes—"With regard to the answer to the ARITHMETICAL QUESTION, published April 6th, the addition of *only* 300 men (instead of 720 men), is equally as correct as your answer, and considered a much better one by a solver of your puzzles, &c."

NOTE.—If our correspondents of the Riddler were to turn their attention more to Charades and Riddles instead of Enigmas, they would much sooner have the gratification of seeing their productions in print, as we have on hand at this time enough Enigmas to last us several months. We would also request them to write on one side of the paper only.—*Editor of Riddler.*

☞ Judge ——, of Toledo, Ohio, has a little four year old boy, who one day, when company was present, wished a seat at the table, but was sent away with the remark that his whiskers was not long enough for him to sit there. The little chap took a seat by a stand, where a servant gave him his dinner. While eating it, the house cat came purring around him, when he said:—"Oh, go off! your whiskers are big enough to eat at the other table."